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OUR "BACKWOODS BELLE."

SHE ATTENDS A BASEBALL GAME AT SANTA ROSA.

How the National Game Appears to One Who Encounters Its Mysteries for the First Time.

[Regular Correspondence of the SUNDAY UNION.]

Hush, hark! a deep sound
Strikes like a rising knell;
* * * * * *
Did ye not hear it?

It is Sunday in Santa Rosa, and the deep sound is the Mare Island Band that accompanies the Vallejo Baseball Club to enter in combat with the Santa Rosas in their own territory. Fully 500 people arrived on the special train, and marching up Fourth street the procession was quite imposing. The music rolls out in great waves in the calm Sabbath air, and the pleasing strains of a popular air compels even unwilling ears to listen. These bursts of uproarious hilarity that tear the holy quiet of Sunday are not right—they are like unto a pica space in a stick of nonpareil; but in the words of that good old proverb, "What are we going to do about it?" On the same principle that some parents take the children to the circus to see the animals, I went to the game to furnish an account of it for the edification of the public. A match reported by one who does not know an "innin'" from an "outin,'" or the home-plate from the home missionary plate, must necessarily be bristling with interest for all who understand the proceedings thoroughly.

We are all on a street car and ready to start; the town and his wife are there. The little machine that has trundled along the track empty many trips through the week, with no occupation for the factotum (combination driver, conductor, peanut agent and time table), except to larrup his little buff mule with a butterfly net, is now doing a land-office business. Like some over-ripe pod that has burst asunder and spills its contents, they hang out and over and around, and even on top, and all wearing the most jovial humor imaginable. Swinging around the curves the car creaks and groans like a ship wrestling with the breakers, and fairly threatens to wrench the beams apart. The hangers-on, who have abandoned themselves to the jollity of the occasion, are almost flung off like a meteor that takes a trip through space, but with a grab for a firmer hold and a cheerful howl the car goes rattling down the stony street (" ").

Everybody is clamoring and elbowing to get there first, and the grand stand is rapidly filled. The "crank's stand" is a private cage erected by devotees of the game, and dedicated to the cranques whose tastes are centered in this sport. Needless to mention, it was packed and jammed to overflowing, three deep, with throats that were lustily enthusiastic. The small boy was out en masse. As it is said of the poor, "Ye have him with ye always." Some unfortunate few had not amassed the sum necessary to gain admittance at the gate of the enchanted spot (10 cents), but with enviable enterprise he managed to be there.

At one corner of the great corral is a windmill and tank, and adhering to its surface like barnacles on a ship's hulk, these little objects were dotted thickly. In a tall tree were perched as many more, like monkeys that chatter and swing in the branches of the tropical forests. On a roof half a mile away two men squatted, like Mohammedans at prayer on their housetop. To enjoy a game half a mile distant, clutching the shingles with tooth and nail, with the September sun trickling down in torrid little shafts, one should be entitled to a little throne in the cranks' corner.

The grand stand was a sea of faces, to use a stereotyped phrase. A stovepipe hat and side-whiskers that were almost clerical would jostle in close proximity to a young "cullud gem'man" with a tuberose in his buttonhole and a smile that sought diligently for a responsive glance. Long rows of vehicles are drawn up, and every once in so often a policeman goes flying across the fields, his long blue coat-tails stirring the drowsy air, and bodily lifts some dainty phaeton out of the sacred precincts of the chalk line. A pilgrim's dusty-shod foot in a temple of the Persians could not cause greater consternation and commotion than for some sacrilegious outsider to stroll into the bounds of the mystic ring.

A youthful tornado in a straw hat drawls, "P'nuts o-o-nly a nickel-a-bag," and the echo of his tender song is, "Aw, gwout to the graveyard 'n sell 'em."

The atmosphere is a trifle stifling until a breeze comes loitering along and drops in to stay a minute and see how the game goes, when it flits on over the hills and far away. The air is languid and lazy, and the blue haze settles down more dense as the hours creep on. To the east lies the little city in its Sunday clothes. The very air takes on a quieter mood on the seventh day. The spires of the church houses point upward through the blue, a warning finger to the riotous revelers. The city sits at the foot of the rugged hills, which are very beautiful to look upon. It suggests one of the amphitheaters of old, when instead of youths in fantastic dress who tear around the field for amusement, it was a frail human life pitted against a cruel beast. The hills are our walls, tall and magnificent; the great dome of heaven is our canopy, blue and measureless. What more could one desire? A flock of blackbirds circles and wheels overhead, now in orderly precision, now swooping down edgewise, and again rising in a great black cloud and away.

Under this lazy and fascinating influence my thoughts had deserted the present, but was recalled to reality from the dream of gladiators and chariot races, and made to feel frightfully modern by my companions beating the planks and giving utterance to demoniacal yells. Penitent at having been so absent-minded, I turned my wandering attention toward the diamond, where the white and black uniforms of the Vallejos and the mottled-gray and red of the Santa Rosas were drawn up in battle array. As I have remarked, I was an unskilled spectator, but enjoyed it as much as those who were educated and ardent to the death. When a pair of plump red legs went skimming like a swallow over the dusty path, the applause was a deafening roar, and the major part of the onlookers clawed the air like a cyclone windmill in a Colusa county north wind, it was safe to surmise the Santa Rosas had done something smart. When a youth in white acquitted himself creditably the Vallejo delegation rose up as one man and howled. What they lacked in numbers they made up in enthusiasm. I found myself perched on the extreme edge of the plank seats of the "parquet," grasping my brown umbrella spasmodically with my lisle-thread mits and unconsciously waving my cotton bandana, so thoroughly imbued was I with patriotism and partisanship for my own city.

A player out in the middle of the field would curl himself up in a double-bow knot, like a rattlesnake about to spring and after gyrating in the air and bluffing a while would throw the ball real hard at a fellow on a corner who held a shillalah and posed like the jack of clubs. Sometimes he hit it, and sometimes he would not, and the umpire would hold up two fingers and call out something like "Zwei beer," and it was safe to suppose that is what he said, for there was little fault found. When the ball happened to hit the bat the battist would start out and race earnestly, like a reporter after an item in July when the town is absent at the sea side. At the northeast corner is a sack of beans, and he strove for this goal as a true Bostonian would. Sometimes, in order to seize it, he would let go all hold and fall to the earth with a sickening thud we read about, and groveling his white jersey in the pulverized clods in a lowly manner, would grab it with a spasmodic shuffle. At two corners are chalk lines, and on these stood two men who kept up an unceasing flow of gab, wringing their hands and climbing skyward on invisible ladders. They looked like hotel runners who had forgotten it was a holiday, and their little beseeching refrain ran disjointedly thus: "Oh, dear! *oh, dear?* OH, DEAR! Up, up, up on your toes, old man! Now, right on the line! Two men out; scoot, whoop!"

The umpire, whose name is musical as the tinkle of softly flowing water (Peter Meegan), is a brave man. I know he is brave for who but a courageous man would stand in the midst of the fray when those two forces meet, who love each other as only two baseball teams can, and with no chain armor or gatling gun in attendance? No uniform did he wear, but a calico cap and double-breasted watch-chain. They let him off with his life. Is that customary in closely contested matches?

The score stood out emphatically, clear across the field, on the black background at the wind-up read, "Hayes & Kopf, Groceries and Provisions, Val. 7, S. R. 9." But as the big white letters crawled nearer the end, and the hands of the watch cantered around nearer five, there was a ripple in the sea of faces, and like the outgoing tide that retreating leaves bare, blank rocks and barren beaches, the surge of humanity towards the gateway left bare benches, and like rats deserting a sinking ship, there was a break for a stand on terra firma. Finally a Piute shout split the haze and there was a rush for the cars and 'buses that stood waiting for the period, or rather the exclamation point, that would end the game.

Hurry, skurry, and load in anywhere you can hang on. The wheels threaten to crush some of the excited mob like the car of Juggernaut. Finally there is no room for even the conventional "one more," and the choked, hoarse thump of the bell starts the sweaty horses, and the caravan starts with a mighty effort. After rolling a few rods, the car, like a load of quartz, drops off all surplus trash that cannot sustain a hold and trundles serenely on. The heavy gold hand of the town clock solemnly points near five when the occupants drop off at home as rapidly as so many fiddler crabs from a bowlder at the approach of an intruder.

The band treated the city to some most excellent music, and then the vanquished visitors marched to the depot in quite as much style, and certainly more gayety, than on their approach. The emblematic sunflowers that adorned their manly chests were drooping and withered, as were their expectations.

"She's my sweetheart," moaned the band, and sprinkled among the strains were "'rah for, hic, V'layo"—um-pah-pah—"Goin' home in style, betcherlife"—um-pah-pah—"For'ard, hic, march"—ta-ra-ra—"Comenoff, you ain't 'in it'"—"Boom-boom-boom."

Oh, to be able to talk fluently on "called hits," "sacrifice strikes," "foul bases," "base fowls," "carpet-baggers" and things. These little molecules go towards composing the great, big chunks of life's pleasures. If at any time I can be of service to the baseball editor of the SUNDAY UNION in giving him points in his line, I am most humbly and gladly at his service.

A. R. L.

CURRENT NEWSPAPER WIT.

What a loan man a pawnbroker is!

We suppose a nose may be said to be broke when it hasn't got a scent.

"There is very little difference between you and the old hen, Scribbler. You both scratch for a living." "Yes, but the old hen scratches for one and gets it."

"I thought many a time when I used to go to see my girl she was sweet enough to eat." "And why didn't you eat her?" "She soured on me."—*Philadelphia Times.*

She played for him and charmed him so,
She now wears his engagement ring;
She well knew how to get a beau
Upon the string.

At Newport. Jack—"I say, Marie, if 32° is the freezing point, I wonder what the squeezing point is?" Marie—"I don't know, Jack; possibly two in the shade."—*Life.*

Doctor—"Did the fever leave your husband during the night?" Mrs. X.—"No, he left the fever." Doctor—"What do you mean?" Mrs. X.—"The undertaker's up-stairs."

A Neighborly Growl—Mr. Gordon Settaire (angrily)—"That dog of yours is barking all night." Mr. Onderschod—"So is yours." Mr. Gordon Settaire—"Well, I've got used to mine."—*Puck.*

She fell, and he ran to assist her,
And picked up her muff and her "wrister."
"Did you fall, miss?" he cried.
"Did you think," she replied,
"I sat down for the fun of it, mister?"

Silversmith—"That teapot is for a member of Congress. Isn't it a beauty?" Philosopher—"I think you have not made enough of one feature." Silversmith—"What is that?" Philosopher—"The spout."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Scared Neighbor—"Oh, Mrs. Muggins, y'r husband is tryin' to hang himself in th' barn." Mrs. Muggins—"He never succeeded in doin' anything he tried to do so far. Guess he'll be comin' in all right w'en the dinner bell rings."—*Good News.*

"I am glad to see you coming to church again regularly," remarked Dr. Choker. "Yes, I had to," said McWatty, "the sinner who lives next door to me has got to practicing on the cornet on Sunday morning, and I can't get a wink of sleep if I stay at home."—*Epoch.*

Boss of the shop (to applicant for a job)—"Yes, I want another barber. Have you had much experience?" Applicant—"I've shaved and cut hair in every city between here and Australia." "Where are you from?" "Eastern Africa. I'm a Zanzibarber."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The darkey's heart is light and glad: no longer is he feeling sad. The watermelon now is here; the cantaloupe is on its ear; the peanut lifts its voice on high, so why should colored folks still sigh? The white ones, too, are full of glee, for you can bet they love all three.—*The American.*

"Did you ascend the Eiffel Tower while you were in Paris?" "No, my wife wouldn't let me. She was afraid I might fall off." "How thoughtful!" "Yes, you know there's a clause in my life insurance policy which cancels the payment in case of accident on foreign soil. Thoughtful woman, my wife."—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Two rival sausage dealers have their shops adjoining. One of them has painted upon his glass window over a pyramid of sausages: "At fivepence a pound; to pay more is to be robbed," whilst the other puts his sausages into an obelisk and paints above it: "At sixpence a pound; to pay less is to be poisoned."—*Chicago Photo.*

He had just bought a few acres in the country and proposed to set himself up as a gentleman farmer. "Well, Ethel," he said, "I am going over to old Mossback's this morning to buy a cow that will give good milk." "Yes, we want good milk, Charles; and we have also got to have a cow that will give good cream."—*Judge.*

Summer Outer—"I have engaged board with a Mr. Hayseed. Am I near his place?" Native—"Yep. Next farm to this." Tourist—"By the way, whose fine property is this?" Native—Mr. Suburb's. He's a gentleman farmer." Tourist—"Is Mr. Hayseed a gentleman farmer, too?" Native—"Nope. He's a farmer." Tourist—"What's the difference?" Native—"Mr. Suburb sells what he can't eat, and Mr. Hayseed eats what he can't sell."—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

THE AMERICAN INGENUE.

SCARCITY OF YOUNG EMOTIONAL ACTRESSES OF GREAT ABILITY.

Evils of Farce-Comedy—Dashy Soubrettes Overrun the Stage—Managers and Authors Wail.

A want much felt and not often mentioned by those who write for and about players is the juvenile leading lady, or, as some of the stage managers call her, the "emotional ingenue." If you stop to think about the stage and the ladies you know upon it, you will be satisfied that I am right. Yet many will be found to take exception to my assertion, and immediately begin to run over a lot of ladies' names to disprove what I have claimed.

But I know I am right, because I have conversed with stage managers and playwrights on the subject, and have been informed by them that there is not half a dozen young girls on the American stage to-day fit to play Juliet, King Rene's Daughter, Cymbeline, Rosalind, Julia, Frou-Frou, and many other characters which call for youth primarily in their impersonations, and emotional force, natural, but not the product of experience or age.

I do not find it necessary to mention or discuss the capabilities of the ladies who are either starring over the continent or are playing leading business in the few stock companies to be found thereon. To all I take off my hat and say: "You are charming, talented and beautiful, but—"

Well, it is useless to proclaim the latter half of the thought, because the actresses have made their mark and have won their way to their present positions in the profession by years of toil and hard work. They own what they possess; it was their achievement. Still they leave me as I was, regretting that we have not half a dozen "youthful emotional ingenues" in this country to-day who can look as well as act the great roles of the young women of the classical drama.

What is worse, I fear that up to date we have not made any serious attempt to educate or even too seek those who might be educated and trained to do the work. As a rule, most of the ladies who have sought distinction in or laid their hands upon the mantles and scepters of dramatic queens have emulated the Gauls, Goths and Huns, who overran the empire, and have committed a sort of sacrilege against Art, for these beautiful usurpers have had no other claim to the eminence they seized than that which was given them by money, social standing and ambitious assurance.

There is no tragedy queen upon this continent now who is native and to the manner born. There is no empress of human nature to control and illustrate its finest emotions. We have ladies who can look a part, but cannos play it; we have girls whose miens and visages suggest passion, poesy and fervor, but whose actions and voices are powerless to express them. In short, we seem to have the crude material in abundance, but investigation shows that it possesses only the outward seeming of the soul, and not the soul itself.

We have suffered from an overweening ambition, which is national, and which has taught those who desired to act to plunge right into the middle of things theatrical, and to declare themselves monarchs, if they only had money enough to hire a company and get an opening. In the United States money will come pretty nearly doing everything upon the stage for an insolent beginner, if she be a woman. All she has to do is to signify her purpose of starring, engage a skilled manager, place her bank account at his disposal and await developments. Nobody asks whether she can act or not. She has money, lots of it—that is sufficient. She and the business manager must do the rest. The public must be compelled to accept her.

Emotional stars are manufactured easily in America, but they shed a very dim light upon the stage and are generally devoid of genuine luster.

There is a sense of dissatisfaction in the profession on this point, and a growing desire for a better state of things. Playwrights are tired of having their best pieces fail because of the incompetency of the leading ladies, who bought their titles to the principal roles and murdered them with their incompetency.

Stage managers are indignant because they are compelled to train manifestly stupid people for parts of which they can never hope to be able to comprehend a tithe. And the hard-working, experienced ladies of the profession regard as upstarts those whose money or social backing alone gave them the leading part in the play.

Mind you, nobody objects to a wealthy woman's theatrical whim! Nobody, in the profession at all events, takes umbrage at her desire to star in a play, if she only has the money to foot the bills. Indeed, professional people generally hail her as a welcome arrival, from whom much advantage and a season's profitable work may be derived.

The chief source of sorrow just now to playwrights, managers and public, however, is the scarcity of competent emotional actresses. Somehow or other the girls of America take to comedy and farce more naturally than to tears and tragedy. As one of the best-known comediennes of the day said to me one evening this week: "There is more money and fame in one laugh than there is in a shower of tears on the stage. So there is no use in becoming a tragedienne."

I ventured to suggest that Bernhardt, Neilson, Cushman, Mary Scott Siddons, Mary Anderson and one or two more had not found tears and tragedy unprofitable. To this she simply replied: "Yes, they found gold in tears; but only one of them reigned at a time, and I might add that there was room for only one of them at a time, whereas the whole world wants the comedienne and the soubrette."

Here was a point which impinged me painfully, and I could not enter into any discussion of the theory, for I could not accept or trample beneath my feet the sordid proposition that all women were actuated in their devotion to art by the gold they should derive from it.

Yet I was and am forced to admit that there is grave reason to believe that nine-tenths of the ladies who go on the stage to-day do so for gain, lucre and wealth, rather than for honor or fame. This will account in a large measure for the absence of the "emotional ingenue," for it is undeniable that the popular taste runs to farce rather than to fervor, and that a jig or a comic song reaches their souls more readily than the finest speech in Shakespeare.

Yes, the soubrette and the song-and-dance artists have almost driven the emotional ingenues and leading juveniles from the stage, and men and women are more apt to laugh at the agony of Hazel Kirke and the potion scene of Juliet than to be thrilled or overawed by them.

For the past six years we have been doing our best to make the American public laugh, and playwrights of this epoch have exhausted their cerebral fecundity and inventive genius by their efforts to produce laughter-provoking situations and skits, and they succeeded so well that they enlisted the entire force of capable and incapable comedians in the profession, and induced many hundreds of others, who never dreamed of being actors, to join the farcical cohorts. Men and women turned aside from domestic melodrama and classical plays, or they went to see them just as they went to church—as a mere matter of duty. Consequently the occupation of the "emotional ingenue" was gone, and she had either to become a comedienne at once or go, too.

The young ladies who had been taught to act as "emotional ingenues" immediately began to learn to dance and to cultivate merrier vocal cadences and livelier pedal movements. They were told whenever they applied for positions in any of the companies going upon the road that they must be prepared to sing or dance, as occasion required, but that they would be called upon to "do a little bit of legitimate acting" just to keep the farcical skit within the realm of common sense.

We have very few emotional ingenues available since farce and vaudeville invaded the best theaters, and consequently we have very few playwrights engaged upon the construction of sensible plays, because the public does not seem to want them, and because there are very few players able to interpret them.

I am not condemning laugh-provocative pieces or people. On the contrary, I applaud them as the friends of an overworked and care-cankered public. But I regret the disappearance of the "emotional ingenue," and long for the restoration to its proper place on the stage of wholesome drama by native dramatists.

I think we are coming upon a period when the demand for "emotional ingenues" will increase. Already there are managers in this vicinity who believe that a first-rate "ingenue" with a strong play would be the most potent attraction on the various circuits. Charles Frohman told me the other day that a young, pretty woman, with ability to act in the legitimate drama, would make more money than any farce-comedy in existence.

Other managers of experience pointed to the success of "Shenandoah" and "Held by the Enemy" as valuable signs of the times. They also said that plays like "The Wife," "The Charity Ball" and the "Maister of Woodbarrow" indicate a revival of popular interest in serious plays.

"But," said one of them, "where will we find the players to play them? We have lots of men who have been trained to serious business, and lots of ladies in middle life capable of excellent work in the old-woman roles. We have soubrettes by the dozen and comediennes, but we have no emotional ingenues who can look like young girls. Yes, I'll admit that Dan Frohman and A. M. Palmer have a few of them—Annie Russell, Miss Burroughs and others I could mention, such as Minnie Seligman. But, again, I say, outside of these, who is there? Nobody. I tell you we lack young emotional actresses, and the manager who wants one will have to seek her in England. He cannot find her in America."

I suggested the schools of acting. He smiled and said: "You would scarcely seek a surgeon for a capital operation among the students of the College of Surgeons in New York."

He was right, I found after careful inquiry; and it was quite evident that there are fewer young emotional actresses in America now than there were ten years ago. At that time one could get Mary Anderson, Georgia Cayvan, Carrie Turner, Kate Forsythe, Effie Ellsler and a dozen other young ladies of remarkable ability, fitted by nature, talent and years for the youngest roles of the standard drama.

To-day, in the opinion of the most interested parties—the managers and authors—there are few girls competent to take the places occupied ten years ago by the artists above mentioned.

The leading managers are alive to the condition of things and have begun to think that the stock company must be re-established in all the big cities, to save the better class of drama from decay and to educate artists competent to interpret it. One of them said on this subject a week ago that if the stock companies were not revived there would soon be nothing but opera bouffers and variety and vaudeville artists in the profession. Even now it was almost impossible to cast a strong play satisfactorily without English aid.

There is not one known to the present regime of theatricals who can be expected to reign either as a great queen of tragedy or a great emotional society actress. Coghlan has succeeded herself, so to speak, because she has begun to star after she abdicated at Wallacks. But who is there to take the places once occupied by Rose Eytinge, Agnes Ethel, Sara Jewett and Clara Morris?

There may be some on this continent, but I do not know them, and, what is more to the purpose, the managers tell me that they do not know of them either. We need young emotional actresses.

We can raise them only in the stock company.

ROBERT MORRIS.

ART NOTES.

The Sacramento School of Design opened for its winter term in the E. B. Crocker Art Gallery October 1st. There is a fair attendance. The school is one of the best. In its five years of life it has had success of the first order, and has turned out some of the brightest art students in the State. It possesses superior advantages as to location, study room and contiguity to the Art Gallery. The school deserves liberal support, and if it is to fulfill its mission, must have it.

The only way in which Mr. Balfour would consent to let Alma Tadema paint his picture was "to catch him as he could." Alma Tadema has, therefore, had to work by remaining with the Chief Secretary in his room while he was engaged in the ordinary business of the day, and taking notes and studies for the purpose of his pictures as chance served.

The excitement that is filling the air in regard to Sybil Johnstone's impersonation of Iza in "The Clemenceau Case" is most certainly demoralizing. It is not a question of whether the artist's model, supposed to be nude, should be draped or undraped. The actress is right in her idea that slight drapery is indecently suggestive. The wrong, however, and the greatest indecency and the part that admits of no argument, is the mistake of opening the studio door, even on the stage, to a promiscuous public, a public that is without sympathy or general knowledge of the art soul that places the model beyond any individual or personal thought. The actress may be sacrificing herself to her art, but she does not stop to consider that she is sacrificing also a sacredness of studio life, and possibly is exposing her ignorance of the innate refinement of even the most hardened professional model. No artist would open his door to any one outside of the art world, and no model would pose for an instant if she discovered the glances of curious eyes.

Says the Chicago *Herald*: "Possibly you have heard this story. A professional model, who had supported herself for years in this way, was posing one morning before a very large class. She had been standing there for nearly an hour, when suddenly she gave a terrible scream and jumped behind a screen. She could not be induced to pose again until some men who were fixing the skylight were sent away. She had looked up and discovered a man peering at her through a broken glass. It is possible there are exceptions, and a touch of life is given to the painting through the artist having more than a professional interest in the model. Generally speaking, however, the model is no more to the artist than is the patient to a physician. A prominent artist said, during New York's previous excitement over the nude in art, that models were no more to the artist than so much clay, and that he had known of an artist painting all day from the nude model without addressing a word to her other than to suggest change of pose, and then going to his hotel and watching, with the most vivid interest, just a shadow on a curtain, across the way, of a woman disrobing. A man's art, from a man's life, like his love is a thing apart."

It is easier to live within your income than it is to live without one.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

OLD MINSTREL FAVORITES TAKING A HIGHER GRADE.

Eight Cageless Lions on the Stage at Niblo's—Denman Thompson's Snug Fortune—Stage Notes.

Perhaps no names are so widely or favorably known to the lovers of modern minstrelsy as those of Barney Fagan and Bob Slavin. Both have been the leaders in their respective lines for the past decade, one as a deviser of picturesque dances and drills, the other as a grotesque character comedian. The two have decided to discard black face and concentrate their talents in the presentation of spectacular farce comedy. Fagan will look after the spectacular and musical end of the entertainment and attempt, with the pliable forms of graceful and pretty women, novel terpsichorean displays fashioned somewhat after what he has already succeeded in accomplishing with unwieldly men. The venture will be under the immediate management of E. G. Gilmore, one of the owners of the New York Academy of Music, and Alexander Comstock, business manager of that house, two of New York's most successful managers. A farce comedy is now being written which will furnish the ex-minstrels with illimitable scope for creating diversion in their different departments. The step is not an unimportant one, and is likely to possess the double result of lifting Fagan and Slavin out of and above minstrelsy to that place in the front ranks of legitimate amusements to which their individual creative talents justly entitle them, and, incidentally, adding considerably to their exchequers as well as to those of the shrewd men who are to manage the unique enterprise. The purpose of the projectors of the new form of entertainment will be to mingle with all the spectacular beauties of an extravaganza the element of grotesque fun which contributes so materially to the success of farce comedy. The title of the play in which the famous pair are to appear is suggestive of good things. It is "A High Roller."

DENMAN THOMPSON.

It is not probable that Denman Thompson will ever again be seen on the road. His "Old Homestead," now about to begin its fourth year at the New York Academy, promises to become a fixture in the metropolis and has already yielded him a princely fortune. In addition to this he has a snug income from his road company. Besides, Denman is advancing in years, being now nigh three score. While the veteran actor's generosity is proverbial, he still believes in keeping the golden fruits of his grand play within his own family. Two daughters and a son were members of the Academy company last year, and when the season closed in New York openings were made for them in the prosperous road company of which his son-in-law, E. A. McFarland is manager. Mr. Thompson's new play, "The Two Sisters," does not seem to possess as many glorious beauties as the "Old Homestead." It has been on the road two seasons, and has not thus far increased the bank account of Uncle Joshua to any great extent. Its present season's tour will be confined to the smaller towns. Of course Denman Thompson never goes with it. He devotes three-fourths of each year to appearing in the "Old Homestead" at the Academy, and retires to his farm in Swansea during the three warmer months.

LIONS ON THE STAGE.

Preparations are fast being completed for the stupendous production at Niblo's, New York City, about the middle of October, of "Nero," the new spectacular drama to be brought out by Locke & Davis. The dramatic material for the new work is taken from Eckstein's recent valuable resume of early Roman history. A realistic feature of the production which will set New York agog will be the introduction in the arena scene of eight cageless lions, handled by Professor Darling, an intrepid lion tamer of Paris. For the protection of the audience during the arena scene, a skeleton curtain, consisting of a network of solid steel, will be lowered between the stage and the auditorium. The services of 500 people will be enlisted in the production, which, it is claimed, will entail an outlay of $35,000.

STAGE NOTES.

"The Crystal Slipper" is drawing crowded houses in San Francisco.

Miss Hattie Delaro-Barnes has arrived in New York from San Francisco.

Franklin Fyles' play "Overlook" has scored a brilliant success at Hartford.

Sully's "The Millionaire" is now announced as $ully'$ $tupendou$ $ucce$$.

Frank C. (Fritz) Thayer has been engaged to go in advance of Janauschek this season.

Fannie Davenport has been ill for the past fortnight at the Westminster Hotel with pneumonia.

"All the Comforts of Home," as a comedy attraction, is going to dim the lustre of "The Private Secretary."

Sara Bernhardt will play Sardou's Cleopatra during her engagement in New York, which will begin on February 9th.

W. H. Crane says that the American public is hungrier for American plays just now than at any time within his recollection.

Dan Sully seems to have a big fortune in "The Millionaire," which so far has coined more money for him than any of his former successess.

"The Tale of a Coat" has wisely been shelved and Sol Smith Russell is now seen to advantage in his successful "Poor Relation" at Daly's in New York.

"The Clemenceau Case," with its breathing, nude-like model of Alexander Dumas' voluptuous creation, Iza, is drawing morbid crowds to the Standard, New York.

Violet Mascotte and her company are busily engaged in rehearsing "The Corker." Ernest Reitter has been engaged as musical director, and this completed the organization.

Nothing like the Liliputians in their gorgeous fairy burlesque, "The Pupil in Magic," at Niblo's, has ever before been seen in New York, and nothing could be more successful.

Miss Addie C. Davis, an exceedingly clever and pretty actress, who has not been seen on the stage for some time, will return to it soon. She is now in New York, and as she has now announced her intention, she will soon enough find a manager.

A good man has started business in London as a "ballet-girl evangelist," and devotes himself to awaking the moral sense of the airy-costumed coryphees who pirouette about the stage to the delight of the bald-headed contingent in the front rows.

The high stiff hat that Richard Golden wears in the third act of "Old Jed Prouty" was presented to him by Postmaster Guy McAlister of Bucksport, Me. Mr. McAlister guaranteed that the hat was 105 years old. Mr. Golden does not intend to shoot that hat.

Mollie Thompson, the leading soubrette of "The Hustler" company, is a daughter of John "On Hand" Thompson, went on the stage when she was three years old; sings and dances, and plays the banjo, rides horses, flies on the trapeze and works embroidered suspenders. Her flip-flap is an amazing melange of grace and audacity.

The heaviest scene ever placed on the stage in America will be used in the spectacular farce comedy, "A High Roller," which is to go on the road next season under the management of Gilmore and Comstock. The weight of the piece is over three tons.

Fred. Bryton owns more dogs than any other member of the profession. His pack consists of just fifty-two, and ranging in size from a blooded blonde Danish hound of gigantic proportion to a diminutive King Charles, small enough to go in his overcoat pocket.

W. W. Randall's "Paymaster" company is doing a big business on the road. Miss Alma Strong, the leading lady of the company, writes: "I progress splendidly with the tank; it's simply delightful, and I think that if, by any change, it was cut out of the play, I would be heartbroken, for I look forward to my plunge with great pleasure."

Ed I. Abraham's latest composition, "The Rosabel Waltz," is one of the new and popular melodies on the lips of all New York. Mr. Abraham is Louis Morrison's manager, but he finds time when not booming "Faust" to write a great deal of good music. Rosabel is the name of Mr. Abraham's wife. She is the daughter of Mr. Morrison, and Mr. Abraham's music is dedicated to her.

The following artists have been engaged by Manager William R. Hayden, for Stuart Robson's company: George P. Woodward, E. J. Ratcliff, Stanislaus Stange, John L. Wooderson, William Stafford, Francyln Reglid, J. B. Everham, George D. Macintyre, Miss May Waldron, Eugenia Liderman, Mrs. Georgie Dickson, Olive May, and Amy Busby. Lee Townsend, as usual, will be in advance.

Nat Goodwin's season will begin at Minneapolis October 6th, with "A Gold Mine," but when he reaches Hooley's Chicago Theater, October 20th, Leander Richardson's comedy, "The Nominee," will be produced for the first time, and with it a pretty little one-act play called "The Viper on the Hearth." Mr. Goodwin's company is composed of the following members: Paul Arthur, J. H. Brown, Len Hust, Miss Mabel Amber, Mrs. Margaret Fitzpatrick, R. G. Wilson, Stewart Allen, A. C. Vernon, Miss Vergie Graves and Miss Ida Van Sicklin. John E. Warner is, as usual, Mr. Goodwin's manager.

A London manager recently produced a new play, and gave a matinee performance of it that was entirely unique. He sent invitations to somewhat more than 2,000 clergymen of all denominations, and these, with their families, packed the house on the occasion named, there being no others in the audience. The play was frequently, and sometimes effusively applauded, as the presentation was proportionately spirited. Between the acts the manager made an address, and stated that of all the persons of the clerical profession whom he had invited to be present, but eight had declined outright, so it is fair to presume that of the hundred score and more bidden to the dramatic feast, but this very small number considered play-going improper in such a sense as to call for an affirmative and aggressive declination on their part.

PEOPLE WHO ARE TALKED OF.

Lord Wolseley began life as a clerk in a stationery store in Dublin.

Dr. John Mackintosh, the Scotch historian, is a seller of second-hand books at Aberdeen.

Bronson Howard and wife and Charles Wyndham and wife have gone to Switzerland on bicycles.

Mrs. Deborah Powers, of Kingston, N. Y., is worth $3,000,000, manages her own affairs, and is 100 years old.

The library of Napoleon III., saved from the Tuileries when it was in flames, is shortly to be sold by auction.

Rhoda Broughton is 50 years old, white-haired and sunny-faced. She has written twenty-two books, but only ten of them have been printed.

It is said that Mrs. John W. Mackay and her sister are the originals of Mrs. Scott and Bettinia in Ludovic Halevy's charming "L'Abbe Constantin."

Alphonse Daudet, the famous French novelist, is now quite recovered from his recent illness, and is busily engaged on a new novel as well as a new play.

Charles Gibson of St. Louis, upon whom Emperor William bestowed the Order of the Crown, has gone to Berlin to express in person his appreciation of the honor.

The President of Uruguay lives over a millinery store with his wife, but having the entire resources of the country at his command the expense does not worry him.

Miss Leiter, according to one of the London society journals, is the "beautiful American heiress" that is attracting most attention in the English metropolis at present.

Mary A. Whitney, who succeeded Maria Mitchell as Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College, advocates the study of science for girls, with the express object of disciplining their emotional natures.

Judge Allen G. Thurman's birthday, November 13th, will be made the occasion of a banquet in his honor by the Democrats of Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Thurman will then have completed his 76th year.

Professor T. C. Mendenhall, the new Chief of the Coast Survey, who has infused new life and ideas into the work of the Bureau, meditates an attempt to locate afresh the magnetic pole of the Northern Hemisphere.

The Czar Alexander III.'s personal body-guard of private police consists of fifteen specially picked Corsicans, mature and tried men, chosen and trained by M. Celertin Bietri, nephew of Napoleon III.'s Minister of Police.

Lieutenant Brownell, who shot Jackson, proprietor of the Marshal House, in Alexandria, Va., after the latter had killed Colonel Ellsworth for hauling down his secession flag, is now in the Pension Department, in Washington.

The Rev. Dr. E. R. Atwill, of Toledo, Ohio, who is soon to be consecrated Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of West Missouri, has been a member of the Episcopal General Convention for many years, but he is never known to have made a speech in that body.

Professor Woodrow Wilson, recently of Wesleyan, takes the chair at Princeton College of political economy. Professor Wilson is a graduate of the college, in the class of '79, and is widely known as the author of "Congressional Government." His career at Wesleyan was highly successful.

This is Nym Crinkle's clever and just estimate of Boucicault: "He was not a maker, but he was such a fashioner that genius itself looked on with wonder at his talent, and as the man who digs the trench that brings the water to the thirsty camp is better than the chemist who can make oxygen and hydrogen unite let us believe that the world is less arid than it would have been if Dion Boucicault had not lived."

Professor Tyndall, who has just reached his 70th year, spent his birthday in his Swiss chalet, high up among the glaciers upon which so much of his thought was spent more than a quarter of a century ago. Even at 70 his gaunt and wiry frame is equal to the minor fatigues of Alpine climbing; and there is probably not an Englishman—or, more correctly, an Irishman—living who knows the mountain passes better than he. It is just thirty years since his "Glaciers of the Alps," the first of a series of exhaustive works on the subject, was published. Since the four years he spent among the glaciers in preparation and research for his book, Professor Tyndall has entertained a warm affection for Switzerland.

IN RELIGION'S REALM.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO MINISTERS AND LAYMEN.

Expressions of Opinion by Newspapers Representing the Various Denominations, on Many Subjects.

The *Living Church* of Chicago says: "The country has been greatly agitated over the Louisiana lottery business, and well it may be. It is a shameful affair, a disgrace not only to that fair State, but to our whole land. It is not, however, our present purpose to say more about it. But we do call attention to that which in this connection has not been so much as mentioned. The secular papers are eloquent over the immorality of people in Louisiana, but they cannot be ignorant of the lottery business carried on in the full glare of open day in almost every Roman Catholic parish in the land. In our opinion it is more demoralizing than the Louisiana lottery, because it is conducted by a great and powerful church. Are lotteries wrong, immoral? If they are, then the Roman Church is, in this respect, an immoral wrong."

On the same subject the New York *Independent* observes: "We would like in a kindly way to call the attention of our Catholic brethren to the fact that gambling is carried on at their fairs to a vastly greater extent that at corresponding Protestant entertainments whose purpose is to make money. Here is a clipping from one of the daily papers in reference to a picnic of a certain St. Peter's parish, where 4,000 were in attendance: 'There was great interest in the various contests for prizes. Father Manly's blooded horse was drawn by ticket No. 1,680. Over 2,000 tickets were sold at $1 each on the horse.' And yet the oldest pastoral letter that has come down to us, written in the Latin language by a Bishop of Rome, was devoted to the sin of gambling."

"It strikes us," says the Boston *Watchman*, "that to convert the pulpit into a propaganda for various social doctrines, the truth of which is in dispute among good and thoughtful men, is to make matters worse and not better, and thus to fail to accomplish one of the prime objects of the church—the bringing of human beings together as members of the same family. We thank God that there is an organization like the church, in which all men can meet and mingle if they will. * * * If ever such an organization was needed, it is in days like these, when there are so many disintegrating influences in society; and we cannot help feeling that the ministers of the Republic are acting judiciously in pursuing the policy for which they are sometimes so thoughtlessly and even brutally condemned. All, then, that the conscientious minister of Jesus Christ needs to do, when he is criticised for not turning his pulpit into a platform for the discussion of social questions, that divide the best and the wisest of men, is to preach the gospel, and do what he can to increase the number of real Christians. He cannot be expected to please some men; he is sure to be called hard names and to be accused of truckling to the rich and the powerful; but if his heart acquit him of the charge brought against him, he can afford to keep patiently at work and let God vindicate his course."

The *Central Christian Advocate* (St. Louis) remarks: "What would be the condition of affairs if the religious men in position, the leading laymen of the various churches and the ministry, should keep silence on the moral aspect of public affairs, and refuse to render any service in the interest of the moral reforms of the day? When a minister is thoroughly honest and has no party to serve, it is a very easy matter to advocate the moral side of political questions. He is not to discuss the parties, but to advocate moral reform; not to tell men how to vote, but to show them the moral qualities of public questions, to quicken the conscience, and urge upon the citizens the true theory of political life. He does not need to take any part in practical politics beyond voting. Other persons can conduct the primaries and nominate the candidates and stand guard at the polls, but in the pulpit the minister will condemn immoral methods, he will criticise immoral men who are in public life, he will teach men the value of party action and the value of independency. If it be said that all such labor is thrown away, we need only refer to the influence of public opinion on Congress within this year in the consideration of moral questions. What would have been the present state of the Mormon question, for instance, if the pulpit and religious journalism had left the matter entirely to the politicians?"

The New York *Independent* says: "In an article in the *Century Magazine* for September, written by Professor Shields and approved by Bishop Potter, is the following paragraph: 'The situation of the Christian denominations in modern society is not unlike that of a wrangling army amid invading foes. It is no petty quarrel before the onset, but a bitter feud in mid-battle. The contending factions have become so absorbed that they do not even see the hosts mustering around them and the ranks closing in upon them. Worst of all, they have neither organization nor leadership in their hour of peril.' It is worth while to consider how far this is true. Of course it is not true as between Protestant denominations. The Presbyterians have no such bitter 'feud' with the Congregationalists, nor the Methodists with the Baptists. Indeed, there is a kindly sympathy generally existing between the bodies, and an honest rivalry to see which will do the most for the general cause. The most that can be said is that some members of certain denominations, not the largest, are denying the rights of the officers in the other bodies to hold a commission in the army. But that is of small account. The Professor and the Bishop must refer to the difference between Protestants and Roman Catholics, and that there is a great deal of such conflict and feud cannot be denied. Here we see rival Bishops and rival churches and non-intercourse and disfellowship. This is sad enough, in view of 'the hosts mustering around them,' but even so these hosts are losing ground all the time."

The *Churchman* says that a favorite implication of contemporary secular criticism is "that the Christian Church has so degenerated from the ideal of the founder of Christianity that He would find himself a stranger within its walls. The critic goes further, and asks, with a sneer, whether Jesus would be a welcome guest, and, were He to find an entrance, would he understand the worship addressed to Himself? The easy charge is preferred that He would probably be asked to 'move on' from the doors of his temple, and that He would not be respectable enough to sit in the elegantly upholstered pews in the dim religious light of windows that represent Him and His apostles. All this is very cheap writing indeed. It is the easiest sort of composition, and popular also because of the daring contrasts it suggests. But it is so miserably and pitiably false and misleading. It implies that a beautiful church edifice is contrary to the spirit of Christianity. It declares, in so many words, that stained glass, brass lecterns, marble fonts, rich altar cloths and cushioned pews are a waste of money. It asserts that modern forms of worship are so alien to the simple tastes of Jesus that He would be confused and indignant at them. But if these critics would read the New Testament carefully, they would surely, if they are honest, be nonpulsed over the fact that Jesus was at home in the handsomely furnished synagogues and richly adorned temple of his own day. Surely there was never ceremonial more gorgeous or display more lavish than that to which he was accustomed as a Jew, and in the midst of which he grew up, 'increasing in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man.'"

"A very grave question, of which but little has yet been said, is presenting itself to the Protestant churches and missionary societies, which must be met at no distant day," says the *Presbyterian Banner*. "This is the matter of the independence of the missionary churches of the authority of the denominations and boards to which they have heretofore been subjected. * * The great thing to be considered is the competency of those churches to set up and control ecclesiastical organizations for themselves in the near future, composed as they are for the most part of those only one generation from heathenism and of those who have very recently been converted to Christianity. Are the native pastors and elders so well instructed in the doctrine and polity of the church, and so thoroughly grounded in the gospel, that they can adopt or frame systems of doctrine, church government, and discipline for themselves? And then the effect upon the churches in Christian lands, and the probable or possible state of feeling in the missionary churches towards them, must be carefully taken into account. It must be considered whether contributions from the churches at home to the same amount can be continued in the event of ecclesiastical separation; whether the missionary churches will look to them with the filial respect and affection hitherto manifested; and also whether the native churches left to their own guidance will press missionary work in their respective countries as they should. We do not propose to discuss these or the many other phases of the subject that present themselves, but simply to call the attention of the church to it, as it is of vital interest and should received the study and prayers of all Christians."

The *Christian Register* (Boston) says: "Christianity, which has too long been Hebraic and mediæval, must feel the spirit of modern life. It can no longer be a Ptolemaic religion—a religion in which this world is the center of the solar system. It must be enlarged and enriched by conceptions of the universe which were never so grand as in our own age. The Christianity of the future will have a larger Bible than it ever has had in the past. It will not turn to the Hebrew Genesis for its cosmology, but to the older and more ample Genesis of science, revealing the evolution of man and of the planet on which he stands. With the disappearance of arbitrary deities and polytheistic tyrants, it will discover a new unity in the manifestation of the life of God. The Christianity of the future will not be a religion of three gods, but of one God. It will still reverence and love and honor the man Christ Jesus; but it will find in Him, not the source of final authority of divine truth, but a holy example of divine living and the inspiration of the Christ ideal. Christianity, we believe, is to become more and more practical, and more closely identified with human life and interest. It will not surrender its immortal hopes, but it will become more and more a religion of this world. The Kingdom of God which it seeks to bring in will be a state to be realized now and here. It will be less a religion of tradition and more a religion of experience. With the disappearance of asceticism, monachism and literalism, Christianity will become more joyous, less Puritanic, more sympathetic with wholesome recreation, less divided from the real life of the world, and yet more conscious of the reality of moral and spiritual truth."

"Some of the daily journals are greatly disturbed," says the New York *Examiner*, "over what ministers are doing in the People's Municipal League. Two or three prominent clergymen have been closely identified with it, and many have greeted it with expressions of hearty sympathy. This is regarded by certain editorial censors with grave disapproval and alarm. They fear that the religious interests of the community are going to suffer. They pathetically beg the preachers not to deprive their longing congregations of the bread of spiritual life, and offer them instead the stones of political discussion. They draw lurid pictures of 'caucus' prayer-meetings, and shudderingly anticipate campaign harangues in place of sermons. We would not asperse the sincerity of this edifying zeal for pure and undefiled religion by suggesting that it proceeds from quarters where the Municipal League—with its 'clerical annex'—is regarded as hostile to partisan aims. But we do protest against the assumption that ministers violate any decorum of their office by interesting themselves in public affairs. Party leaders they should, of course, never become; but leaders of thought in reference to the duties of citizenship, as well as in other directions, they are bound to be. They not only have the right, like other men, to take their active part in what concerns the welfare of the places they live in and the country at large, but they are pledged by the very position they hold to special attention and diligence in matters of that sort. They must illustrate the bearing of religious truth upon these things by fearless practice as well as by faithful preaching. We have heard of the church where notice was given of a service at which no men would be admitted, only 'women and clergymen.' But we believe that most churches nowadays have no use for ministers who are not men as well."

Discoveries at Pompeii.

At Pompeii some mural paintings of more than ordinary interest have recently been disclosed. In the eighth region, between Nos. 16 and 21 of the Second Insula, Via III. and IV., the remarkable discovery has been made of a house five stories high. The upper floor, which is entered from the higher level formed by a mound of prehistoric lava, is profusely decorated, and the principal hall displays on one wall the myth of Bellerophon, a nude figure who, holding with one hand the bridle of his horse, is in the act of receiving the letter and orders of King Prœtus, who is seated on a throne before him. The lower part of the house, looking toward Stabiœ and the sea, was used as a bathing establishment. Three steps lead into the *frigidarium*, which is perfect, the lower part of the surrounding walls being painted blue, and the upper red. The middle of the right wall is occupied by a picture representing a nymph, semi-nude, borne over the waves on a sea-horse. The horizontal band dividing the blue from the red surface is a kind of frieze of comic or caricature scenes, representing dwarfs and pigmies, in scenery evidently of the Nile country, fighting with various animals. One dwarf is in the act of throwing a large stone at an ibis; while another is trying to save by drawing to the land a figure (probably a woman) fallen into the river, when, seized himself by a crocodile, he has tied himself with a rope to another dwarf, standing behind, who is striving with might and main to prevent his comrade from being drawn down into the water.—*London Athenæum.*

A unique canvass is progressing in the Fort Scott (Kan.) district, where General John A. Rice and his son are opposing candidates for the Legislature. General Rice asks his friends to deal leniently with the boy; that he is young and immature, and while he means well he does not know near as much as he thinks he does. The young man tells his audiences that the times and events demand the blood and vigor of youth, and that the lean and slippered pantaloon should seek the quiet of the chimney corner—and so the campaign goes, with the friends of each cand[illegible] certain their man will win.

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RUSSIA is becoming humane. A new police edict provides that female convicts shall no more be punished with the knout. Instead, solitary confinement in the prison of a Pacific island is to be substituted. Thus, if a woman under the old rule would have been subjected to one blow of the knotted lash, she will now receive ten days in the solitary cell. If she would have been punished with the ordinary whip, then for every blow under the former rule she will receive two days in the cell. For thus much of the extension of mercy (?) by the Russian Bear, let all the world give thanks.

FREDERIC HARRISON, a master essayist, in the *Forum* declares that he never studies style, or gives any particular thought to it in his composition. Yet Mr. Harrison is recognized as one of the most finished of writers, whose literary style is well nigh faultless. He says he has a positive and serious purpose in view always; that he aims to change men's opinions, or to bring something practical to pass, and that he goes at the task without conscious art, aiming only to strike direct blows. This, he pronounces the secret of style—earnestness, directness, and sincerity. But he advises that the writer keep himself in close communion with the great masters of literature.

THE Duluth *Tribune* says it must be very reassuring to people of pessimistic views "to find how general is the sentiment in favor of the postal movement against the lottery." It should be, but is not. Your American pessimist never admits that his croakings are mistaken. On the contrary, he already illogically argues that the expressed necessity for the new law proves that it would be wiser to license lottery gambling, since in this day of degeneracy it cannot be suppressed. No, the pessimist who believes that the American people are upon the downward road to eternal smash will have it so, no matter how general an expression of high moral sentiment emanates from the people.

OLIVE THORNE MILLER says:

> There are many things to commend cremation aside from the pretty Indian fancy that fire, the purifier, completes the deliverance of the soul from its long time prison of flesh, and by the smoke and ascending heat forms a path on which the spirit ascends to its home in the skies, or, as one tribe has it, the soft, warm chariot conveys the released and purified soul toward the sun * * * The cemetery appeals more strongly to the sentiment than does the crematory. I find no fault with sentiment, but I say it will more appropriately cling around an urn containing the pure ashes of what was once a loved form than about the unmentionable and unimaginable horrors covered by our flowers.

But when we pass from sentiment to sanitary science cremation appeals with greatly more force to our reason than burial ever can. The former speaks to us of uncontaminated earth, of assurance against menace to the living by the rotting of the dead. It convinces the reasonable man that by burial disease germs are propagated and waters poisoned; that the air is laden by burial with enemies of life, and that the sleeping place of the dead is the breeding spot of many of the ills of living flesh.

EDUCATIONAL COMMISSIONER GUILFOYLE, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has espoused the cause of Mr. Cusack, the Paul Pry who discovered the immodesty of Longfellow's master poem, "The Building of the Ship." Everybody outside, and most of the people within Brooklyn, now laugh at Cusack and Guilfoyle. But the latter prude replies, "I will remove my children from the public schools rather than have them contaminated by the reading of such a poem."

Of course that settles it, for the school system never could endure the withdrawal of Mr. Guilfoyle's children. However, the Commissioner will probably gain no victory if his children are retained and Longfellow is sacrificed, for it will be safe to wager that every last one of the little Guilfoyles will, at the earliest opportunity, hunt up and read "The Building of the Ship." And the intellectual exercise will make them better Guilfoyles, unless, indeed, the paternal Guilfoyle is so reflected in his progeny that its betterment is an impossibility.

SINCE the agitation in favor of uniformity of marriage and divorce laws has taken such a hold upon public thought, why not consider the desirability of uniformity in some other things also? For instance, the late Franklin B. Hough, who made the noteworthy report to Congress on forestry in 1877, and who was at one time Superintendent of the New York census, shortly before his death published a monograph in which he showed that in the United States we have four standard bushels for corn and rye, five for barley and seven for oats and buckwheat. Thus, 1,000 bushels of barley in Kansas, at 48 pounds to the bushel, become 1,500 bushels in New Orleans, where 32 pounds is the standard rate. So, too, 1,000 bushels of rye in Kansas, at 56 pounds, become 1,750 bushels in New Orleans. A similar discrepancy in the units of measurement exists for staves, lumber and shingles. He found a gallon of milk in Vermont was 231 cubic inches, while in New Hampshire 282 inches are required. The Vermont gallon was the English wine gallon, while that of New Hampshire was the ale or beer gallon. Some of these conflicts have been reconciled, and quite largely the pound avordupois has become the standard for most commercial transactions where weights and measures enter in. There is still, however, a great deal of conflict, and it would seem, since interstate commerce has become involved with so great a part of the business of the whole country, that some steps may well be taken to bring all the States to official recognition of uniform standards in weights and measures of all classes.

THE NEW AND THE OLD IDEALS.

Referring to the modern novel, the realistic style that prevents nature as we know it and love it, and gives us what the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans denominates "dry plate literature," that journal asks, "How many of us would be willing to exchange the heroes and heroines of the realistic school of fiction for the heroes and heroines we know and know of in real life?" For one we reply that not one human being known to us would for a moment contemplate the exchange. It is true that the hard and fast realism of modern romantic literature that discourses by the rule and plummet, has a tendency to create for us beings who in real life would be most unlovely. The journal referred to sighs as it exclaims:

> What a sorry procession of forlorn damsels it is that stretches out before the mental vision as we glance back over those weary leagues of printer's ink! And how hapless the fate allotted them by their stern creators! Verily, it is better to fall into the hands of the living God than into the hands of the realistic novel-writer. But what is the matter with them all! Is joy dead, or have they all contracted blood-poison from too constant devotion to the dissecting table? Or is it possibly only a fashion they feel compelled to follow because it is set by the French, just as, because in England, where the sun seldom shines and the clouds perpetually threaten, it is the style to walk about with a little umbrella rolled into the most compact form, we may see girls and young men walking about under our own blazing skies with the same appendage carried uselessly in his hand instead of over the head? There used to be writers—and once in a while even now we come upon one, though not among those accounted famous—who had, and have still, the art of putting into their work a certain quality of freshness and joyousness so catching as to give a delightful fillip to the blood of their readers and bring a smile to the lip and a sparkle to the eye. But who laughs nowadays over a novel, or cries either, for that matter, though they are melancholy enough, heaven knows? Or rather let us say despairing, for their woes are utterly without remedy.

But our contemporary takes heart in the faith that the day of this style of "romantic" writing is to have an early sunset. It cannot endure, for human nature is stronger than realistic writing, and the heart truer than the pulseless fancies of these people who picture for us impossible beings.

We could wish that our contemporary had carried its criticism beyond the realm of modern romantic literature, and have touched the quick also of modern playwriting, which has also fallen under the baneful influence of the new school. For the fact is, that we have no more the splendid heroes and the lovely heroines of real flesh and blood, and real human nature, such as the earlier school gave us, pulsing with life, true to it and to nature. No, we are treated nowadays to stage people that are little more than silhouettes, cut out with precision to be sure, but as rigid and as devoid of real life as so many automatons. The emotional drama is given nowadays with a tension that is wearisome and mournful; in sheer despair we rush to the other extreme and find relaxation in the thoughtless, loose and often unchaste farce-comedy — whatever that may mean—a title that is intended to exalt farce at the expense of comedy, but which succeeds only in degrading the latter.

The old ideals may be very old fashioned, very much to the distaste of modern tastes, they may not at all suit the pert miss or the too-knowing young woman of society of this day, or yet the precocious youth of the time whose sensibilities so often need powerful stimulants, and are more moved by an impudent retort by the souberette than by the human expression of a genuine artist. Still, the old ideals were rich and noble and human, and measured man as something more than an animal, and woman as something better than a dresser or an emotionally explosive and tearful figure of the stage. But there are hopeful signs that the old ideals are to be again realized, that the true is to displace the false upon the stage, just as the realistic writers in literature are to give place to those who are more human and less analytical, who do not demand that every interpretation of impulse, every manifestation of genius and every flight of imagination is to be put to the scalpel of the critic of methods and of the square and compass.

THE New York *World*, commenting upon the electoral qualification in the new Constitution proposed for Mississippi, admits that "it will be easy for election officers, who must, of course, be the judges of each voter's qualification, to apply one test of 'understanding' to white illiterates and quite another to blacks. The ability to read is measurable, but the question how far a man understands what is read to him is much more difficult, and it is at least possible for interpretation in such a case to be very unfair. It is for the white people of Mississippi to see to it that no unfair advantage is taken under this singularly vague and elastic provision. If they do this conscientiously, the new requirement will secure the State against the danger of ignorant rule. If the clause is enforced with impartiality, it will end the race conflict; if it is unfairly applied, it will only intensify that conflict."

But does not the *World* know that it is intended to enforce the clause unfairly? It was openly stated by the originator, that it was intended to control the elections and repress the vote of the freedman. The Convention applauded that expression and there followed many speeches favoring the clause, for the one reason that by it the negro would be obstructed effectually in his march to the polls.

THE Riverside *Press*, published in Riverside, San Bernardino county, says: "So long as we remain a part of California it is proper that our productions should be counted to the State's credit." We beg leave to assure the southern editor that his section will remain a part of California as long as California remains a State. He is, however, entirely right in his conclusion that the productions of his section should be counted to the State's credit. This is obvious, since San Bernardino, Riverside and their environs are a part of California. The sooner our brethren of the editorial profession in the southern part of the State abandon the feeling that their stay in this State is transient, the better it will be for their general reputation for common sense.

A day or two ago a gentleman who was visiting his laboratory, and whose son was about to enter upon his first employment, asked Edison to give him a motto for the boy, so that he might have it as a stimulus and guide. Mr. Edison laughed a little at the novel request, then said: "Well, I'll give him this: 'Never look at the clock.'"

It is estimated that the 200,000 bushels of cranberries which New Jersey will send to market will realize to the farmers a round million of dollars.

THE MIRACULOUS CURE.

[From the French of Jean Rameau; translated for the SUNDAY UNION by Mrs. N. E. White.]

I.

Poor old Guichemerre was far from gay on the day of which I write, as he stood alone before his fire of vine-shoots, warming his trembling palms and nervously rubbing them together, while almost every moment he glanced toward the little avenue that led to his door.

"Never a soul!" muttered he, sorrowfully shaking his hoary head, and running his fingers through the scanty beard which encircled his ruddy cheeks. Then he began once more to warm his hands before the blazing knots in the fireplace.

Guichemerre was a health officer, and for more than fifty years had been stationed at Saint-Leon. He was a worthy man—not very learned, to be sure—who had cured his patients as well as the next one, and whose supreme ambition was to become the Mayor of his commune.

This beautiful dream was not so impossible as one might suppose; for, although only a health officer, Guichemerre counted some glorious events in his life. The good people of Saint-Leon were all somewhat indebted to him. For many years he had been the only doctor in the place, and the number of colds, inflammations and stomach troubles that he had cured, or aggravated, would be difficult to reckon. He was therefore held in great veneration by his neighbors.

But of late misfortune seemed to relentlessly pursue him. One disagreeable occurrence after another had followed in appalling succession. In the first place, it had always been the custom of the health officer to sell the necessary drugs to his patients, and he was duly authorized to do so, inasmuch as the nearest pharmacy was nearly ten miles distant; but now a second-rate druggist had just taken up his quarters at Saint-Leon, and poor Guichemerre could no longer sell his marsh-mallow and syrup of Tolu. Alas! he was thereby deprived of the most remunerative perquisites of his office.

But that misfortune was as nothing compared to what followed. The intruder did not limit himself to pecuniary injury, but even attacked the professional capacity of his ancient rival.

"What is this?" he would ask superciliously, when people brought him Guichemerre's prescriptions, his countenance expressing a scientific contempt for the simple remedies demanded.

And, it must be admitted, the humble officer was totally ignorant of the intricate formulas of the modern *materia medica*. He had a few primitive recipes which he had used from his youth, and although they might perhaps have been efficacious in times gone by, they were now quite out of date, and the new comer declared them of no virtue whatever.

In this way Guichemerre lost more than one-third of his practice.

But the most terrible catastrophe happened two years after the installation of the malevolent druggist, when a young doctor, named Albert Preville, came to take up his abode at Saint-Leon. That was the finishing blow.

The doctor was a stranger, and with his Parisian accent and polished manners quite dazzled the feminine portion of the village. They would have been ill most willingly in order to be cured by such a sweetly perfumed dandy.

Guichemerre saw at once that he was a ruined man.

Of course Dr. Preville soon won the good graces of the pharmaceutist. Why should he not? He knew how to formulate a prescription! He ordered rare and costly medicines! He could let fall from his learned lips pompous and high-sounding words to diagnosticate the most harmless and ordinary complaints! Guichemerre called a cold in the head a cold in the head, nothing more. But such plebeian notions did not command the respect of the country people. They felt their dignity offended at being afflicted with such common-place diseases.

Dr. Preville, on the contrary, invariably found their maladies to be of a very serious nature, with strange and complicated appellations, and for their treatment ordered new and expensive medicines, for which the credulous peasants cheerfully paid exorbitant prices.

Guichemerre, who modestly prescribed centaury, chamomile, borage, stramonium and other equally well-known plants, which he openly gathered in the fields of his patients themselves, could not compete with the modern methods of the young Parisian. So, little by little, even his most faithful adherents deserted him; and, as he had not sold his herbs with sufficient profit when he had the trade to himself, he beheld the dark clouds of poverty gathering closer and closer around him, as his hair grew whiter and his steps more feeble.

II.

That winter day, in particular, his cup of sorrow was full to the brim. Among the few adherents that remained to him was Monsieur Bertin, the *garde-champetre*, or field-keeper of the district. This man was his most cherished and intimate friend, and his three-year-old son, Robert, was the playmate of his own little grandchild, Emile. Now, Robert was very ill—had been ailing for the last four days—and his father had not yet sent for Guichmerre.

"Is he, too, going to abandon me?" mused the poor old doctor to himself, as he held out his long hands to the ruddy blaze. Yet each time that he looked toward the little avenue he hoped to see his friend Bertin coming at full speed to seek his aid.

But, alas! no Bertin appeared, and the lonely old man was benumbed with despair. How many times he gazed down the deserted path, seeing naught but the dreary, leafless platanes!

It was a cold and gloomy day in December—the mournful season for the aged and infirm.

"What if I should fall ill myself!" thought Guichemerre, in terror.

He had already given his orders to his daughter, the mother of little Emile.

"Remember," said he, "you will have me attended to by the health officer of Mimizan. Let no doctor ever cross my threshold. I would rather die."

The vine knots curled and twisted in the flames and then crumbled to glowing embers. At times the door of the house opened, but not to admit the *garde-champetre*. Never a patient presented himself. Poor Guichemerre felt terrible throbbings in his dejected old heart.

Suddenly his daughter came in.

"Listen!" said she, her face pale with anxiety.

The health officer raised his head and turned pale likewise.

The sound of a horse's hoofs sounded along the road. Oh! that sound, known only too well!

"Yes, yes; it is he!" said Guichemerre, hoarsely. "He is going to Bertin's."

And in fact, ten seconds later, Dr. Preville crossed the narrow avenue. He was mounted on his spirited horse, and, in every movement betraying the glory of his triumph, turned proudly toward the house of the *garde-champetre*.

Old Guichemerre covered his face with his hands. All was over. Farewell the Mayoralty! Farewell the dream of his life! Clasping his daughter's hand in his, he sat a long time silent and dazed, without having even the power to weep.

III.

But, fifteen days afterward, Guichemerre experienced one of the greatest joys of his life. Through the little avenue bordered with platanes came a man who was none other than the friend whose visits he had ceased to look for.

"Monsieur Guichemerre," stammered Bertin, his eyes filled with tears, "we earnestly ask your forgiveness—my wife and I. We thought we ought—that is—well, in fact, you know one sometimes loses his senses. But let us not talk of it any more; we were entirely in the wrong, for our little one is worse since the new doctor has been attending him. He has some terrible disease—I forget what it is called—but at any rate it has never been heard of before in the country. Our poor Robert is therefore doomed. I knew it all along, notwithstanding the overweening conceit of that stripling who calls himself a doctor. So, with penitent heart, I have come to implore you to save the child. Will you not come?"

There was no rancor in Guichemerre's heart. The *garde-champetre* was weeping bitterly, and it was all his old friend could do to keep from clasping him frantically in his arms, but a sense of professional dignity caused him to restrain his feelings and remark with a certain hauteur:

"What you propose, my friend, is a rather delicate proceeding. I do not know exactly how Dr. Preville will—"

"Oh, do not worry about him," interrupted the anxious father, "he will not be surprised, for I have already informed him. Moreover, he will not be apt to darken my door again!"

Guichemerre, not wishing to appear too eager, and inflated, in spite of himself, at the turn affairs had taken, said objectingly:

"It is rather late now for me to take the case; I have not had an opportunity of studying the premonitory symptoms of the disease. The condition of your child may have been aggravated by the course of treatment, and you know—"

"Oh! yes," interposed Bertin hastily, "I understand all that, Monsieur Guichemerre. But we have faith in you, and you are going to cure him for us. You will see. Moreover," added he ingenuously, in order to convince the apparently reluctant health officer, "the clairvoyant told us so. Therefore—"

No need was there of further parley. The clairvoyant vouched for his success! So Guichemerre radiantly exclaimed:

"My friend, I shall call in fifteen minutes!"

It was quite necessary that his toilet should be appropriate for the momentous visit, so he hastened to his room to contemplate in the mirror the magnificent effect of a tri-color silken sash, which he knotted about his waist.

And as he gazed, visions of the glorious consequences of a successful cure rose before his mind. Just fancy! cure a dying patient who had been given up by Dr. Preville! What a rehabilitation! He would be Mayor!—unquestionably Mayor! and perhaps Counselor-General, if he kept on! In two hours everybody in Saint Leon would know the great news; there would be a universal interest in the result, and wagers would be laid on both sides: "He *will* cure him—He will *not* cure him!" Oh! what a triumph, if he should be successful!

"And I will succeed!" swore Guichemerre, as, carried away by his dreams of judicial honors, he raised his right hand before his glass.

So, with sprightly step, his heart thrilled with hope, and his face as ruddy and joyful as it was at twenty, he took his way toward the house of the *garde-champetre*.

IV.

Yes, indeed, little Robert was really very ill. Guichemerre so affirmed, but as to stating the nature of the disease, that was another matter.

Guichemerre, in his distress, thought of going to consult the clairvoyant somnambulist. But this was not the first quandary from which he had successfully extricated himself; so he put on a wise expression, felt the child's fluttering pulse, looked at his tongue, passed his hand gently over the tiny emaciated form, and as he saw the mother weeping by his side, he, too, wept a little, in spite of himself.

"Oh! we will cure him," declared he confidently, while endeavoring to conceal his emotion.

Then he glibly made use of a few medical terms in order to reassure the sobbing mother.

But, *mon Dieu!* what was he to prescribe for that dear little fellow?

Ah! at that moment he would have joyfully given half his remaining years to have his diploma! How he longed to be able to cure that poor three-year-old baby who had so often played and romped with his own Emile!

"Yes, yes!" we will cure him!" he reiterated soothingly.

In order that his prescriptions might not be criticised by the hostile druggist, he sent them by his own servant to the pharmacy of the neighboring town. But they were of no avail. Then Guichemerre changed his recipes, one after another, using nearly every old formula he had known from boyhood. There was no virtue in any of them.

In his trouble he had recourse to the good God in whom he had once piously believed, and recited devoutly, with lips long unaccustomed to prayer, a rosary to obtain from above the recovery of little Robert.

But his prayers were seemingly as unavailing as his medicines, and the poor man could no longer conceal his despair.

However, the people of Saint-Leon followed with intensity the phases of the malady. The entire community was in the greatest excitement.

"He will cure him!" said some.

"He will not!" declared the others.

Dr. Preville was steadily losing his practice. On Sunday crowds collected before the house of the *garde*, and most extraordinary reports were circulated. Little Robert died every morning and was resuscitated every night, according to the wild rumors which ran through the town. Guichemerre was in a constant state of terror. What if he should let his little patient die? It would be ruin, irremediable ruin!

But if he should cure him—oh! what glory!

Days passed and the condition of the child remained unchanged. The health officer no longer knew to what remedies to turn. The poor man had exhausted his small store of knowledge! and the clairvoyant was too gossiping for him to dare to have recourse to her occult science.

Every night he wept with chagrin at the impotence of all his efforts. Finally he requested the parents not to remain in the room when he came to see the little patient. He pretended to have invented some secret and marvelous system, the effect of which he wished to try privately; but, in truth, he sought only to dissimulate his annoyance and the ignorance which he feared to confess.

One day—it was the 2d of January—he was returning from the depot, where he had been to get a package, a New Year's gift that a friend had sent to his little grandchild. It proved to be a splendid locomotive of brass, which rolled, whistled, smoked, puffed and made a deafening noise, just like a real steam-engine. Guichemerre, who was as curious as a child, notwithstanding his snowy locks, had raised the cover of the box to examine then and there the attractive toy.

Then, with his package under his arm, he stopped at the house of the *garde-champetre*, and, as on the preceding day, he shut himself in the room with his little patient. Robert was awake; without speaking he turned his large, dark, mournful eyes toward his visitor, who laid his box on the table, and for want of more salutary medicine, endeavored to chat with the child.

"That is pretty!" said Robert softly, pointing his almost transparent finger admiringly toward a yellow wheel which gleamed temptingly through the battered box.

"Oh! how pretty!" repeated he, while his heavy eyes seemed to light up with pleasure.

A thrill of joy passed through poor Guichemerre's discouraged heart.

"Is it not beautiful?" said he, a tear of gratitude in his eye. And he opened wide the box, displaying the marvelous plaything in all its dazzling splendor.

A flush of pleased surprise crept over the wan cheeks of the child, and after a moment's hesitation, he asked:

"Say, does it go?"

"Indeed it does!" replied the old man, weeping now in earnest.

That day, when he went forth from the sick-room with his locomotive carefully concealed in its box, the parents saw a beaming face.

"How is he, Monsieur Guichemerre?" inquired they, encouraged by his joyful expression.

"Better! much better!" replied he gayly. "I will return this evening."

He came that evening. He came again the next morning. And again and again he returned, the visits becoming each time longer and longer. Guichemerre always carried his mysterious box beneath his arm, and the parents, listening at the door, heard singular sounds issuing from within: "Pouf! pouf! chu-chu-chu! r-r-r-r-r-r!"

And then they heard the voice of their child "Oh! that's so pretty!"

And, little by little, the child seemed to improve. He chattered gayly and appeared content. His eyes brightened once more with animation. He adored his doctor, whom he called, with his pretty infantine lisp, "Papa Gissimay." He babbled constantly to his astonished parents of railroads, yellow wheels and black smokestacks. His appetite returned, and with laugh and shout he repeated the inexplicable sounds overheard during the doctor's private seances: "Pouf! pouf! chu-chu-chu! r-r-r-r! Isn't that fine?"

The *garde-champetre* did not understand it at all, but he acknowledged the steady recovery of his son and wept for joy. Guichemerre, too, was supremely happy. The miraculous cure which he had effected was turning the tide of public opinion in his favor. He would be Mayor! he would be unanimously elected! Oh, ecstasy!

VI.

But one day, when little Robert was almost well, Guichemerre made rather too much noise in the room with his young patient. Robert gave a shout of laughter.

Then the parents, puzzled and quivering with impatience and mystification, disregarded the doctor's orders, and hastily opened the door.

"Heavens!" ejaculated Guichemerre, in dismay, as he hastily concealed the locomotive.

But he was too late. They had seen it! The poor fellow thought he would expire with shame. Scarlet with rage and confusion, he rushed out of the house, carrying the innocent cause of his misadventure under his overcoat. He thought of hanging himself on arriving home.

What would the people of Saint-Leon say! What would the supercilious doctor say! Oh, what ignominy! The idea of curing children with toys! And, in his mortification, Guichemerre was tearing out his few remaining locks, when he saw the district school-teacher coming in the door.

"Monsieur," said that gentleman politely, "I am the correspondent of a scientific journal in Paris, and having just learned of your success, I wish to mention it in my next article. Would you be so kind as to permit a curiosity-seeker to examine the wonderful apparatus you have invented, and thanks to which the *garde-champetre* declares—"

Guichemerre started, as a flash of triumph traversed his brain. He understood it all. The Bertins had only caught a glimpse of the yellow locomotive, and in their simplicity had taken it for some new instrument of surgery!

"Monsieur," said he to the teacher, while struggling violently to preserve his gravity, "I sincerely regret not being able to comply with your request; but, for reasons of the greatest importance, I am obliged to keep my invention for the present an absolute secret. Furthermore," added he, impressively, "my apparatus is to be made the subject of a special communication to the Academy of Medicine."

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VII.

One day the local newspaper contained the following: "Monsieur Guichemerre, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and Mayor of Saint-Leon, announces himself as a candidate at the next legislative election."

An Unwritten Romance.

Amalie and Edward loved the first time they met. They found that both had great ambitions.

"I feel," said Edward, "as if I could master all happy philosophy. I shall blot out all blackness. I shall prove that the good always triumphs. I shall make men happier."

"And I," returned Amalie, "feel as if I could interpret the hidden meaning of everything that God has ever made."

So they were married, and they determined to immediately begin a great career.

"Fiction must be the medium by which we will convey our message to the world," decided Amalie.

"Of course," acquiesced Edward. "Fiction is the hand-maid of truth."

"Fiction," said Amalie, "is the torch which illumines the dark chambers of fact."

"Fiction," chorused Edward, "is the chemical resolvent which married the insoluble quantities of fact. But for the explanations of fiction, life would be a mystery—history would be a paradox."

"Therefore," said Amalie, "fiction should deal with motive. For it is character that makes plot. Man is the greatest study of man. And it is man that makes circumstance. He is not the creature of it, but the creator of it."

"Ah," cried Edward indignantly, "how can you be so mistaken? It is circumstances that makes man! How could you have a Washington without your revolution?"

"There you are wrong," said Amalie, "for it would not have been possible to have had a revolution without Washington."

"A novel," said Edward sententiously, "is a plot. The art of writing a novel lies in showing how the plot developed character."

"The art of writing a novel," said Amalie, with dignity, "consists in showing how the unfolding of a soul caused events to transpire."

"Do you know what you would do with your ideas?" cried Edward. "You would take away inspiration. You would substitute photography for art."

"I would paint nature," replied Amalie. "Realism was created by God. I do not know who made romanticism. I supposed it was Walter Scott."

They argued this question for twenty years. Then Amalie died, and Edward spent his life in regretting her. Neither of them ever wrote a line.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Jocko in Church.

A pet monkey attended the services at a Catholic church in Savannah on a recent Sunday. Jocko looked around in a comical way and jumped upon a window. He sat there for a moment, attracting the attention of everybody around. He looked up at the choir and measured the distance between his perch and the gallery, and for an instant seemed to have a mind to go up higher among the fair and sweet singers. But it was too long a jump, and Jocko sprang down on the back of a pew. Then he started up toward the altar, skipping from pew to pew. The ladies hurriedly got out of his way. One young man ducked his head to let the monkey go over him, but Jocko lit squarely on his back and startled the worshiper. Jocko was startled, too, and he kept on going until he reached the chancel. A flying leap took him on the altar rail, along which he skipped all the way across the church. Father Quinlan paused and the sexton ran up with a long pole and poked at the intruder. Jocko startled back across the altar-rail and went on a run. From the rail he jumped to a pew back and up into a window and then out, to the great relief of the congregation.

The Force of Habit.

After shopping for the greater part of a recent afternoon, a well-known Brooklyn lady, with a letter in her hand, entered a drug store. She asked for and received a postage stamp.

"Anything else to-day, madam?" inquired the clerk.

"No, I think not," she replied; "please it to the house."

"I—I beg pardon, ma'am," stammered the clerk, "but what is it you wish to have delivered?"

"Why, the—the—" Then suddenly refreshing her mind, she quickly added: "Oh! well, never mind it." she took the postage stamp and walked out.

The clerk afterward said he had never seen a better illustration of the force of habit.—*New York Herald.*

Torrington, Conn., has a farmer whose piety takes the form of watchfulness on Sundays to catch persons picking fruit or berries on his grounds. He has such offenders arrested and fined, asserting that it is not the loss of his fruit or berries that he minds, but that he will not tolerate Sabbath breaking upon his property.

It is illegal to sell cigarettes to boys in Cincinnati, and all boys found smoking are to be arrested and held until they tell where they got the prohibited articles.

Senator Yell of Mendocino was in town lately and talked of nothing but the recent gigantic Native Sons celebration at San Francisco.

"I just tell you we Mendocino natives went down there in style," said he warmly. "We took Indians and bears with us and everything else to create a sensation with. But speaking of Indians, that reminds me of a little incident. Among our band of Indians was one big buck who was the pride of his tribe. He was a smart chap, but had one terrible weakness—drink. We had a special guard to watch our curiosities, and particular instructions were given to keep an eye on this fellow and prevent him from getting drunk.

"But the big fellow was too smart for the guard and made his escape the day before the big parade. He wandered down to the Barbary Coast and into one of the grogshops there. Taking a seat at one of the tables he ordered. 'Gimme big beer,' he demanded, and the barkeeper supplied him with an over-grown schooner. His highness swallowed the contents at one gulp. 'Gimme 'nuther,' he said, and the same performance was gone through with again. He got on the outside of about five of those baths, and then started to walk out.

"'Hi there' yelled the barkeeper, jumping over the counter and seizing the buck by the arm, 'where's the money?'

"'Injun no money,' calmly replied his tallness.

"'Wow!, you long legged, yellow-eyed devil!' howled the saloon man, reaching for his police whistle. 'I'll have you arrested!'

"'Ugh! Put Injun jail?'

"'You bet.'

"'All right. Me put you jail too. He! he! he!'

"'What d'ye mean?'

"'You put Injun jail, me put paleface jail. Paleface giv um liquor to Injun. He! he! he!'

"The barkeeper wilted. 'Come and have a drink with me, ole man,' he said, and the two became such fast friends that we couldn't get the buck sober for three days."

Justice of the Peace Henry is developing into quite a humorist.

The other day he was riding townwards on a summer car, when he called the reporter's attention to a man who was walking up the street carrying a heavy string of fine catfish, evidently just caught.

"Gee-whizz! Those look nice, don't they?" said the Judge enthusiastically.

"They are fine, indeed," replied the item hunter.

"And yet they are not fit to eat," added the Judge.

"Why, what's the matter with them?"

"Can't you see? They ain't cooked!"

"Fine day."

This was the remark addressed by the man who was waiting for the street-car to the lank individual leaning against a lamp-post.

"Um—so, so," replied the lank party, after taking a survey of the sky.

"If the wind keeps blowing in this direction for twenty-four hours longer, there will be rain," ventured the first speaker.

"Um—I'm not so sure about that," said the other cautiously.

"The wind, at least, is dead south now."

"Um—perhaps."

"It certainly isn't north."

The lean individual pursed up his lips as if about to whistle, looked at the sky again, shook his head slowly, and said:

"I'm not so blamed certain it isn't."

"At any rate, sir, it isn't raining now, is it? Hey?"

Another careful examination of the firmament, and the cautious remark:

"It may be raining and it may not. You can't always tell about these things."

"Great Jehosaphat! Can't you see there isn't a cloud in the sky!"

"Um—likely enough. Likely enough. It may appear that way to some folks. But it's best not to be too sure."

"May appear that way? Why, good gracious, man! Haven't you got any eyes?"

"Maybe I have and maybe I haven't," retorted the attenuated individual, passing his hand over his face as if to find out. "All that I know is that there is nothing certain in this world. You think there's a fair-ground at the end of this street, perhaps."

"I certainly do."

"Just so. I was certain of it yesterday myself. I was certain that there was a man out there with two or three walnut shells he was moving about on the head of a barrel. I was certain I could tell which shell the little black ball was under. I was just as certain of it as you are that it isn't raining. It cost me every darned cent I had to find out that I didn't know anything about it. I am not going to be sure of anything again as long as I live."

He took a plug of tobacco from his pocket, looked at it as if he were not sure whether it was tobacco or not, put it back in his pocket, sighed a long, heavy, dismal sigh, and looked straight through the other man into the far-off depth of space.

The theater had just let out, and the car was crowded.

"I tell you it's a shame," exclaimed the deacon, vehemently. "People who own squalling babies should either leave them to home or stay to home themselves. When people go to the theater they pay to hear the play, and not the song of some leather-lunged three months old youngster. That third act to-night was completely ruined by one of these musicians. It's an evil, sir, that should be stopped—an evil, I say."

"Yes," assented Major Anderson, who was standing up in the aisle, "it's a crying evil, I say."

The Major explained afterwards that he didn't mean it as a joke at all.

One of our local humorists is telling a yarn that he swears is true—that it actually happened during the recent fair. The race between Marigold and Daisy D. had been rung up, and Moses Isaacstein stood in the grand stand with his son Ikey, nervously watching the racers as they prepared for the start.

"Mine Gott, Ikey, dey vas off!" shouted Moses, clutching his son by the shoulder as the starter's flag fell. "Glory be to Abraham, Maricolt vas ahet! Oh, Ikey, ve vins—Maricolt vas ahet!"

Sure enough Marigold did lead off in the start. Moses watched them as they dashed into the quarter stretch and became so excited that he could not contain himself. "Oh, Ikey, I can't look at it, I vas so oxcited!" and he turned his back upon the scene and began to mop his brow with a huge bandana. After several seconds had elapsed Moses seized his son by the coat-tails and in a husky voice said, "Ikey—Ikey, my poy, vere is Maricolt now?"

"Oh, Paba, Maricolt vas behint. Dey vas near de halaf-mile bole."

"Mine Gott unt Himmel!" wailed Moses wringing his hands. "Dot vas awful, Ikey!"

The racers dashed on around to the three-quarter pole and poor Moses was almost beside himself.

"Ikey—Ikey, my poy, vere ish Maricolt now?"

"He's behint, paba."

"Oh! oh! Dis vas too much. Oh! oh!" Moses dropped into one of the benches and buried his face in his hands.

The flyers dashed into the home-stretch and the crowd began to yell. Moses was trembling like a leaf, and with tears in his eyes he grasped his son again.

"Ikey—Ikey, my dear poy, vere ish Maricolt?"

"Oh, paba, he vas behint yet."

Moses was just swooning away when the horses dashed under the wire, and the crowd was yelling itself hoarse.

"Paba! paba!" exclaimed Ikey, shaking his father vigorously. "Got up! Maricolt vin!"

"Vot's dot" Moses sprang up as though a bomb had gone off under him. "Maricolt vin, you say? Glory be to Abraham! Oh, Ikey, vasn't dot beautiful!"

Moses capered about the stand in great glee for a few minutes. Then, diving into his vest pocket, he said:

"Here, Ikey, go down stairs unt cash dis dollar unt a quavarter pool."

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For the Assembly, Twentieth District.

George C. McMullen
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FOR SHERIFF. s30-td(Su)

W. W. Rhoads,
Regular Republican Nominee
FOR COUNTY CLERK. s30-td(Su)

M. R. Beard,
Regular Democratic Nominee
FOR COUNTY CLERK. s30-td(Su)

Wm. B. Hamilton,
INDEPENDENT CANDIDATE FOR COUNTY CLERK of Sacramento county. jy27-tf(Su)

Frank T. Johnson,
Regular Republican Nominee
For COUNTY AUDITOR and RECORDER.

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FOR SUPERVISOR, FIRST DISTRICT.

Chauncey H. Dunn,
SACRAMENTO, CAL., NOMINEE FOR Attorney-General of the Prohibition and American parties. Election Tuesday, November 4, 1890. au16-td(Su)*

Election Blanks.

WE CALL THE ATTENTION OF COUNTY Clerks and Supervisors to the fact that our ELECTION BLANKS are the only ones made under the supervision of HON. CHARLES R. STORY, the author of the new law—a synopsis of which appears in the RECORD-UNION of September 30th.

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NOTICE TO VOTERS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL parties interested, that at a regular meeting of the Board of Supervisors of Sacramento county, California, held on the 16th day of June, 1890, an order was duly made and entered cancelling the Great Register of said county, and ordering a re-registration of the voters thereof. Said order was made pursuant to Section 1,094 of the Political Code, and all persons desiring to vote at the next ensuing general election are notified that they will have to be re-registered, as provided in said section and in conformity with this order.

Attest:
[SEAL] W. B. HAMILTON,
Clerk of Board of Supervisors Sacramento county, California. jy31-tillo22(Su)

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LEAVE.	TRAINS RUN DAILY.	ARRIVE.
6:30 A	Calistoga and Napa	11:40 A
3:05 P	Calistoga and Napa	7:30 P
12:50 A	Ashland and Portland	3:40 A
5:30 P	Deming, El Paso and East	6:45 P
7:30 P	Knight's Landing	7:25 A
10:50 A	Los Angeles	8:45 A
8:00 P	Ogden and East — Second Class	5:25 P
12:01 A	Central Atlantic Express For Ogden and East	5:55 A
3:00 P	Oroville	10:30 A
3:00 P	Red Bluff via Marysville	10:30 A
10:40 A	Redding via Willows	4:00 P
4:00 A	San Francisco via Benicia	12:35 A
6:10 A	San Francisco via Benicia	7:30 P
3:05 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
6:30 A	San Francisco via Benicia	8:40 P
*10:00 A	San Francisco via steamer	‡6:00 A
10:50 A	San Francisco via Livermore	3:50 P
5:50 P	San Francisco via Benicia	11:40 A
10:50 A	San Jose	2:50 P
5:30 P	Santa Barbara	8:45 A
6:30 A	Santa Rosa	11:40 P
3:05 P	Santa Rosa	7:30 P
8:15 A	Stockton and Galt	6:45 P
5:30 P	Stockton and Galt	8:45 A
8:00 P	Truckee and Reno	5:25 P
12:01 A	Truckee and Reno	5:55 A
12:05 P	Colfax	10:20 A
6:30 A	Vallejo	11:40 A
3:05 P	Vallejo	†7:30 P
*6:35 A	Folsom and Placerville	*3:50 P
*3:50 P	Folsom and Placerville	*11:35 A

*Sunday excepted. †Sunday only. ‡Monday excepted. A.—For morning. P.—For afternoon.
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BIDS
—FOR—
Printing and Binding Precinct Registers.
PURSUANT TO RESOLUTION OF BOARD of Supervisors of Sacramento County, adopted September 25, 1890, bids will be received by the said Board for printing and binding the Precinct Registers for the year 1890. Bids must state the price per name and number of copies; the work to be done in accordance with specifications on file in the office of the County Clerk. A certified check of ten per cent. of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid. Bids to be opened by said Board of Supervisors on MONDAY, October 6, 1890, at 10 o'clock A. M.
The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. H. C. ROSS, Chairman.
[SEAL] Attest: WM. B. HAMILTON,
s26-10t(Su) County Clerk.

BIDS FOR PLANKING
The Trestle-Work North of the American River Bridge, on Twelfth Street.
PURSUANT TO A RESOLUTION OF THE Board of Supervisors of Sacramento county, adopted September 25, 1890, bids will be received by the said Board for replanking the trestle-work north of the American River Bridge on Twelfth street. A certified check of 10 per cent. of the amount of the bid must accompany each bid. Bids to be opened by said Board of Supervisors on MONDAY, October 6, 1890, at 2 o'clock P. M. The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. H. C. ROSS, Chairman.
[SEAL] Attest: WM. B. HAMILTON,
s26-10t(Su) Clerk of the Board.

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FOR MARKHAM.

BRILLIANT RECEPTION TO THE REPUBLICAN LEADER.

An Old-Time Torchlight Parade by Uniformed Clubs—Speeches by Markham and Morehouse.

Colonel H. H. Markham, Republican candidate for Governor, arrived in this city yesterday on his campaign tour, accompanied by Hon. H. V. Morehouse, of Santa Clara. They were met at Roseville by Hon. W. J. Davis, Chairman of the County Central Committee, Jos. Steffens, President of the Markham Brigade, and Colonel James McNasser, and escorted to the city, where the party were received by a committee and taken to the Golden Eagle Hotel.

Colonel Markham was visited at his rooms during the day by a large number of citizens, there being a constant stream of visitors passing to and fro during the day. Those who had never before met Colonel Markham were most favorably impressed with him. He possesses the happy faculty of making all his visitors feel at home in his presence—a quality that usually counts for much in a political campaign.

THE PROCESSION.

The Republicans Turn Out En Masse With Their Torches.

Sizz! Boom! Ah!

The Republicans opened the campaign last night with a whoop and a cheer. The demonstration and reception tendered to Colonel Markham was probably equal to anything of the kind ever seen in Sacramento, and this was only the beginning, too.

The torchlight parade was a feature, indeed.

The companies and clubs were a trifle tardy in forming in line, but considering that it was the first of the campaign, they did very well. After donning their uniforms they assembled at Sixth and M streets, and it was very close to 8 o'clock when Commander C. H. Hubbard gave the signal to start.

The line of march was up Sixth to K, thence to Tenth, to J, to Second, to K, to Tenth and to the Capitol.

Commander Hubbard, accompanied by his aids, all mounted, headed the procession, and immediately behind them came the Artillery Band.

The Army and Navy League, about forty in number, came next. They were ornamented with white capes and caps to match, and carried neat torches. They presented a neat appearance. On their transparency were the words:

GREETING OF OLD SOLDIERS TO COMRADE MARKHAM.

Colonel H. H. Markham followed immediately behind the old veterans, in a carriage. He was accompanied by Hon. H. V. Morehouse, Dr. G. L. Simmons and Colonel James McNasser. Two more carriages containing prominent local Republicans, and officers of the Markham Brigade, followed.

Cheer after cheer went up from the throngs which lined the sidewalks as Colonel Markham passed, and he was kept busy doffing his hat.

Next came the Resolutes, seventy-five strong, and their handsome uniforms and splendid marching and maneuvering were noteworthy features of the parade. A handsome white satin banner, bearing the name of the organization, was carried at the head of the company. Each Resolute was armed with a formidable-looking flambeau torch, and manipulated it to perfection. Colonel Guthrie was in command, and the way the men maneuvered was a credit to him.

The Markham Glee Club, nearly equal in numbers to the Resolutes, and just as handsomely attired, came next. Captain William H. Sherburn was in command. The uniforms consisted of blue blouses, with white sailor collars, blue caps, and white leggings, and of course each man carried a blazing torch. The Glee Club made the air ring throughout the line of march with its battle cry:

"Eureka! Eureka! Eureka! Markham!"

The Lincoln Club, consisting of local colored Republicans, followed the Glee Club, in tasty uniforms, and behind them came the Markham Folsom Club about forty strong. The latter wore tasty blue capes and caps, and were in command of P. A. Humbert.

The Hussar band, with its budget of national airs, followed the Folsom boys, and behind it came the Cheerful Workers in command of Frank Woodson. The Cheerful Workers were about eighty in number, and appeared in a novel cheerful costume. They were white trousers, gingham coats, and high white plug hats, and were accompanied by a fife and drum corps. Their banners and transparencies bore the legend:

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MARKHAM? HE'S CHEERFUL! RAH! RAH!

The Markham Fire Brigade, which was by odds the largest turnout in the parade, followed the Cheerful Workers, dragging the regulation fire engine. They were nearly two hundred strong, and wore the usual firemen's red shirts.

The Fourth Ward Republican Club, about forty in number, and the McKenna Mounted Guard, formed the rear-guard of this brilliant parade. A drum and fife corps accompanied them, and they were neatly uniformed.

Every man in the procession was provided with an abundance of Roman candles, red and blue-lights, and other fireworks, which, in addition to the torches, kept the streets in a constant glare.

AT THE CAPITOL.

Large and Enthusiastic Meeting—Speeches of the Evening.

As the procession passed before the stand, which was erected in front of the main entrance to the Capitol, Colonel Markham occupied a prominent place in the front of the platform, where he was greeted with cheers as the clubs marched by.

In the rear of the platform a large number of ladies were seated on the steps of the building, while others stood among the crowd in front. The utmost enthusiasm prevailed while the procession was passing in review before the stand.

The President of the meeting was Dr. G. L. Simmons, and the following-named gentlemen were announced as Vice-Presidents: Hon. Newton Booth, Hon. Chris. Green, Hon. E. J. Gregory, Hon. Thomas McConnell, Hon. William Johnston, Hon. Obed Harvey, Hon. Jabez Turner, Hon. A. L. Hart, Messrs. J. H. Burnham, W. P. Coleman, T. M. Lindley, J. T. Chinnick, S. Prentiss Smith, Hon. F. R. Dray, Hon. Grove L. Johnson, Hon. W. M. Petrie, Hon. R. T. Devlin, Hon. L. S. Taylor, Hon. Seymour Carr, Hon. Dwight Hollister, Hon. A. Abbott, Messrs. Edward Christy, Peter Yager, Samuel Levenson, A. S. Hopkins, Professor Charles Winter, Messrs. B. U. Steinman, P. S. Lawson, Samuel Gottleib, B. B. Brown, J. J. Nagele, Charles McCreary, G. W. Chesley, Dugald Gillis, W. R. Strong, C. A. Luhrs, Adolph Heilbron, Clinton L. White, Felix Tracy, C. H. Cummings, W. B. Miller, M. A. Baxter, B. A. Johnson, J. W. Giles, P. S. Watson, E. K. Alsip, H. Wachhorst, Stephen Dwyer, A. C. Sweetser, Peter Newman, R. W. Parker, George Murray, George Scroeth, D. Lubin, Augustus Gerlach, J. M. Avery, H. W. Bragg, S. H. Richards, W. F. Knox, W. D. Stalker, H. G. Smith, F. F. Tebbets, C. H. Gilman, Captain W. H. Wood, P. C. Hale, L. Elkus, L. L. Lewis, W. H. Luther, Geo. W. Hancock, Philip Siebenthaler, J. T. Gladney, James Graham, David Reese, George Jones, T. C. Perkins, Charles A. Beeman, Theo. Labhard, Wm. Land, Jacob Olsen, C. F. Dillman, J. N. Larkin, Charles Schmidt, George M. Mott, R. J. Merkley, Alonzo Conklin, Wm. M. Siddons, Philip Scheld, T. H. Berkey, C. A. Yoerk, W. A. Anderson, John Ryan, A. Casselli, P. J. Menken, P. Herzog, F. E. Ray, A. J. Pommer, Sylvester Tryon, Alex. Neilson, C. N. Neilson, J. D. Young, John Weil, H. Weinreich, Henry Fisher, A. A. Van Voorhies, J. D. Moynahan, George E. Duden, M. M. Drew, A. Menke, W. B. Terry, Lewellyn Williams, W. R. Jones.

Jay R. Brown, John S. Miller and W. B. Davis were the Secretaries of the meeting.

The President of the Markham Brigade, Joseph Steffens, called the meeting to order and announced the officers. He then introduced the Chairman, Dr. G. L. Simmons, who spoke briefly, eulogizing the character of the Convention which had honored Colonel Markham with the nomination for Governor. Colonel Markham, he said, had been received everywhere with an enthusiasm that portended a glorious victory next month. Dr. Simmons then introduced Colonel Markham, who was received with loud and prolonged cheers. He spoke as follows:

COLONEL MARKHAM'S SPEECH.

Mr. Chairman and Fellow-Citizens of Sacramento: I have not the power of language to express my true feelings on this occasion. As the Chairman has stated, I have been traveling through the Sacramento valley and talking to the people. I left my home in Southern California four weeks ago to enter upon an active canvass of this portion of the State. At every place visited I have been most happily disappointed by the character of the receptions tendered by the people. It seems to me that, from the beginning of the canvass up to the present time, these receptions have been increasing in magnitude and enthusiasm. When I came here I had no idea that you would give me such a warm greeting. I do not, however, arrogate to myself credit for all the interest and enthusiasm that you have manifested. The underlying motive, I feel assured, is to promote the interests and welfare of the great Republican party of the State of California. I know, when I look in your faces and see determination in every direction, that it means victory on the 4th of November. [Applause.]

Every place I have visited, both large and small, has manifested a purpose that, in every precinct, the largest Republican vote ever cast in this State will be cast at the coming election. It is gratifying to know that the utmost harmony prevails in the ranks of the party, and that all are determined that victory shall be certain and sure.

Republicans should remember that it is twelve years since they elected a Governor of this State, and should realize that twelve years is quite long enough to allow the Democrats to rule the State. If anything will convince the most skeptical Democrat that the Republicans are in earnest in this campaign, let him come here and witness this grand demonstration; and if he has made any bets on the result of the election, he will commence to hedge at once. [Laughter.]

I do not wish to take up much of your time myself, as we have with us an orator who, in one respect, resembles a woman—he likes to talk. He can talk to you by the minute, the hour or the day—by the inch, the mile or the ton. [Laughter and cries of "Go on!"] I have been telling some of my audiences what might be expected of me if I should be elected. I have said that I would devote my whole time to the welfare and interests of this great State. Two months ago I left your city, after having received the honor of the nomination at the hands of the Republican State Convention for Governor of California. While here the citizens of Sacramento received me so kindly and made me feel so much at home, that ever since I left your fair city I have had a burning desire to come back here and live—at least for four years. [Laughter and applause.] If it had not been for my former experience here I would have been alarmed about returning now.

I have been working hard for the last four weeks—some eighteen hours out of the twenty-four—and felt a difficulty about coming here to address you, fearing that I should do myself and the people an injustice. But I have a sort of feeling to-night—I can't quite explain it—as if I had come home to stay [applause], and if I could get some one else to go out and finish the canvass for me, I would stay here right now. [Laughter and applause.]

I have made few promises. I have simply said that, if elected, I would do my best for every individual, section and community in this broad State. I could not state my position more emphatically. I have refused to make any pledges that would be inconsistent with thorough independence and freedom of action in the executive office. If elected I shall be perfectly free and untrammeled in every way. [Applause.] I will say, out of respect to the hundreds of Republicans in the State who have a right to aspire to the office for which I am a candidate, that, whether elected or defeated, this will be my last political trip. Friends have tried to dissuade me from taking this step by saying that the party might in the future want me to accept the honor, but I have answered that I do not propose to make politics and office-seeking the business of my life. [Applause.] I want to feel that on entering the office for which I am now an aspirant I will be perfectly free to do that which I think best, without fear of injuring my political chances for the future. I feel that I can act more justly with that feeling in my heart. It is easy for politicians to come along and say, "Mr. Markham, if you will do thus and so we will guarantee you an election to some other office after this." And it would be difficult for a man who had unlimited political aspirations to withstand the tempting offer. I might feel like promoting my own interests rather than those of my party.

I have not been in the habit of denying all the lies told about me by the Democrats, but I do deny the assertion that I have advocated a division of the State. [Applause.] The Democrats have put a plank in their platform declaring against such division, notwithstanding the Constitution of the United States makes it impossible. I suppose that if some Republican should propose the removal of Mount Shasta to Southern California, as a joke, the Democrats would put in a plank against it. [Laughter.] The Federal Constitution absolutely prohibits the division of a State, as any schoolboy can see by reading the first three lines of it. But whether so or not, I have never been in favor of dividing this State, and never said I was.

Why, Mr. Chairman, could I have stood in the halls of Congress, there have witnessed the power and influence of this great State, and then have entertained a desire to have it cut in two and be left standing solitary and alone in that body, without influence or backing, as the representatives of one locality? It would be absurd. [Applause.] I have visited most of the States of the Union, and have traversed a good portion of California, and am in a position to judge between this State and others, and I say that we have a commonwealth second to none, and with a future brighter than any other. Again, I served in the army of the Union, when the latter was threatened with dismemberment, where I fought and bled—I didn't die [laughter]—for the whole Union, and as I was against a division of the Union then, I am against a division of this State now.

So far as the Democratic party is concerned, and its criticisms on him, he was not annoyed. He had no desire to please them. Some said he couldn't make a speech, others said he spoke too long, and others still said he didn't speak long enough.

Colonel Markham closed by relating a witty story about an ungodly man who had a good wife. When drunk he declared that he could not enjoy religion with such a virago, and Colonel Markham said he held about the same relation to the Democrats—he did not see how they could enjoy life, anyhow, with such a candidate as he. At the close of his speech he was roundly cheered.

SPEECH OF MR. MOREHOUSE.

Chairman Simmons then introduced Hon. Harvey V. Morehouse, whom he referred to as "the silver-tongued orator of Santa Clara."

Mr. Morehouse began his remarks by stating that he had stipulated with the State Central Committee, on starting out in the campaign, that he should not be called upon to address audiences in the open air, but when he saw the magnificent procession of enthusiastic Sacramento Republicans, and such a grand meeting, he made up his mind that he could not refuse to speak to those who had turned out in such numbers to pay their respects to the next Governor of the State. He knew that Colonel Markham was going to be elected—it was in the air; and every man who breathed the inspiration that permeated the atmosphere, knew it.

He related a vision that had come to a San Francisco journalist who was traveling with Colonel Markham's party, which pictured Colonel Markham's elevation to the Governorship, and he did it in such a witty manner as to call forth much laughter and applause.

Mr. Morehouse then proceeded to deliver an eloquent and forcible address, interspersed with telling points, many of them being very witty and mirth-provoking. He referred to the fact that all the leading journals of the State favored H. H. Markham for Governor. From one end of the State to the other there was a solid phalanx of Republicans standing shoulder to shoulder, and fighting for his election. Congressman Morrow, who was said to be, like Achilles of old, sulking in his tent, had promised to come here and labor for the election of Colonel Markham and the entire ticket.

Here in Sacramento, where Mr. Morrow was the choice for Governor, the Republicans had given one of the grandest demonstrations in its history. This all shows that there is something about Colonel Markham that endears him to Republicans everywhere. When Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, after the Republicans of the North had gone to the National Convention to nominate Seward, people were asking everywhere, "Who is this man Lincoln?" And so it is here—people have been asking, "Who is this Colonel Markham?"

Mr. Morehouse then gave a sketch of Colonel Markham, and explained how and why it was that the people of the southern part of the State were so enthusiastic over his nomination and election. He also referred to the standard-bearer's career in Congress, as a farmer, a banker, etc., and declared that not one of the sixty-odd newspapers in his district had ever discovered a blemish in his character on which to assail him. A man should be best known and judged where he lived. It had been said that Colonel Markham had not lived long enough in California. But he has been a resident of Los Angeles county for thirteen years—at least long enough to add five native daughters to the population of the State.

The speaker then referred to what Colonel Markham had accomplished for his district during his two years in Congress, showing that he had been an active, influential worker in that body. At least a thousand homestead settlers in Southern California owe to Colonel Markham the very houses they occupy, he having secured for them Government patents that no other Representative had been able to secure for them.

He then referred to Colonel Markham's service in the army, and told the story of his achievements on the battlefield, under Sherman, while a member of a Wisconsin regiment; how he was shot and nearly lost his life in one of the severest engagements of the war.

Mr. Morehouse declared that Mr. Markham was nominated by one of the most independent, intelligent Conventions ever held in the State. His nomination was not dictated by any boss or undue influence. He was nominated by the people, who knew his worth. Everybody knew that a Democrat could not get a nomination in San Francisco without the consent of Chris. Buckley, and Mr. Pond could not and did not secure the Democratic nomination for Governor until Buckley had given his consent that he should have it.

Mr. Morehouse then compared the personnel of the Democratic State Central Committee appointed by Pond with those appointed by Markham. He showed that every one of the former were Buckley "lambs."

At this juncture somebody in the audience interrupted the meeting by some remark, and Mr. Morehouse elicited great laughter and applause by saying that when Buckley's lambs are referred to it makes the lambs squirm even here in Sacramento. He asked why it was that a large element of the Democratic party is trying to shake off the Buckley incubus, and explained that it was because no man can secure an office or a contract there under the Democratic administration without paying tribute to a man who can sit in a gin-mill, press his finger on an electric button and nominate for office any man whom he may please. If Pond is not dominated and owned by Buckley let him stand up and say so like a man.

There are but two issues, he said, in this campaign—one is Colonel H. H. Markham, and the other is Christopher Buckley, and all the sophistries of the Democrats cannot divert public attention from the main issues involved.

Mr. Morehouse then paid some attention to the tariff, and illustrated the Democratic position thereon by apt illustrations. He held his hearers by his eloquent and spirited remarks, and closed his address by drawing a beautiful picture of the aurora borealis, which he compared to the new northern light that shall spread over the State of California on the 4th of November.

Throughout his address Mr. Morehouse was repeatedly interrupted by enthusiastic applause.

COLONEL MARKHAM'S RECEPTION.

Chairman Simmons closed the meeting by inviting all who so desired to step into the rotunda of the Capitol and meet Colonel Markham.

The invitation was accepted in a manner that must have been gratifying to Colonel Markham, as a perfect throng of people gained entrance to the building, where they cheered him to the echo, and all that could get a chance to do so shook him by the hand.

HORSE NOTES.

Haggin's Electioneer Stallion Alaska Claimed to be Very Fast.

Mention was made a couple of months ago of the fact that the young Electioneer stallion Alaska, on the Rancho del Paso, had trotted a mile in 2:20 on the home training track. In all probability Alaska will be given a record at the Breeders' meeting at Napa, and it is thought he will cut his record down considerably.

Trainer McConnell went out to Rancho del Paso recently, and was so pleased with the looks of Albert W. that he asked John Mackey to let him take him for a few months and give him the mark he is entitled to, McConnell says 2:15 would not stop him.

Mr. Reavis shipped Vic H. to Chico after the State Fair, and will not trot her again. She will be sent East at the head of the long string of Blackbirds, Monroe Chiefs, etc., that Mr. Reavis intends selling in New York this fall, and should sell well with her record of 2:18 and her good campaign.

Theodore Winters' bad luck seems to stick to him, for he lost two valuable mares on their way back from New York, and El Rio Rey was again taken sick, and his life is still in danger. Mr. Winters is said to have put a price on all his yearlings, but how much truth there is in it is not known.

EDGERTON'S ELOQUENCE.

The Orator's Tribute to San Francisco in His Platt's Hall Speech.

The *Themis* yesterday contained a few extracts from the speech delivered by the late Henry Edgerton at Platt's Hall, San Francisco, in 1869, when he opened the Grant Presidential campaign in this State; but it omitted the gem of that masterly address—the peroration. In concluding his speech Edgerton said:

"Under the salutary influence of that Constitution and Union, this proud city has risen from the land and sea as if by the stroke of some enchanter's wand. Here industry has reared palatial homes; here education has diffused its blessings; and hither the star of empire has taken its farthest westward course; and here may it forever shine—in cloudless radiance—and illumine, by its mild and holy light, the principles of American constitutional liberty, of justice, of order and of law."

CRIMINAL ASSAULT.

Daniel Gardner, the Wood Dealer, Taken To Jail.

Daniel Gardner, who keeps a wood yard on I street, between Fourth and Fifth, was arrested yesterday afternoon on a warrant charging him with having criminally assaulted a little girl, 11 years old, named Lizzie Cox.

Chief of Police Drew was informed of the matter several days ago, and, with Captain Lee, proceded to investigate. They had been informed that another child named Johanna Staniker had also been assaulted by Gardner. They found the Cox girl first and she informed the officers that Gardner had assaulted both herself and the other girl. When the officer interviewed the Staniker girl, however, she denied that Gardner had made any advances to her.

Gardner was released last evening on $5,000 bail. His bondsmen are N. Dingley and C. C. Brown.

BRIEF NOTES.

It is expected that the annual target practice by Companies B and E of the First Artillery will attract a great many to the Twelfth-street rifle range to-day.

Joel L. Carter of Sacramento has commenced in the Yolo Superior Court a suit for divorce from his wife.

County Board of Education.

The County Board of Education met yesterday, all the members being present.

James J. Miller was granted a grammar grade certificate on his Normal School diploma.

Emma S. Kleinsorge was granted a recommendation for an educational diploma.

Ellen J. Curtin was granted a grammar grade certificate on her Normal class diploma.

Mrs. Elizabeth Brown was granted a recommendation for a life diploma.

Miss Millie Meyer was granted a recommendation for an educational diploma.

Mr. Lipowitz offered an amendment to the resolution referring to the purchase of apparatus, making an exception in favor of object charts.

On account of the frequent absence of the Secretary, Mr. Howard, by reason of the calls on him, the Superintendent was instructed to prepare a card announcing that the office is closed during the sessions of the County Board of Education.

The "Peerless Pilgrims' Progress" was placed on the library list.

The Fire Bell.

An alarm of fire was turned in from box 14 shortly before 9 o'clock last night. The roof of the two-story frame building at Fifth and W streets, belonging to Martin Peenish, had caught fire in some unknown manner and was blazing at a lively rate when the department arrived. The fire was extinguished before any great damage was done. The damage is estimated at about $300, but is fully covered by insurance.

Police Court Cases.

The battery charges against Oscar Glatz and Mrs. Lewick were dismissed in the Police Court yesterday.

John Burns, charged with assault to murder, had his examination postponed until October 11th.

Antone Gregory, arrested for being drunk, was allowed to go.

It Was Hotter Last Year.

The Signal Service temperature at 5 A. M. and 5 P. M. yesterday was 54° and 76°, while the highest and lowest was 79° and 53°, with cloudless skies and brisk northerly winds.

The highest and lowest temperature one year ago yesterday was 94° and 55°, and one year ago to-day 92° and 58°.

STILL SLIDING.

THE SACRAMENTOS ARE NEARLY OUT OF FIRST PLACE.

Another Game Surrendered to San Francisco—Oakland Captures Another From Stockton.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4th.—The home team won another game from Sacramento to-day. It was sharply contested from the first, Sacramento leading off with three runs in the first inning. The score was San Francisco 6, Sacramento 3. The batteries were Coughlin and Speer for San Francisco and Hoffman and Ward for Sacramento. Score:

SACRAMENTO.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Goodenough, c. f.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Roberts, l. f.	3	1	1	0	2	0	0
Bowman, 1st b.	3	1	0	0	9	1	0
McHale, r. f.	4	1	1	0	1	0	0
Godar, 3d b.	4	0	0	0	1	3	0
Reitz, 2d b.	3	0	1	0	7	3	0
Ward, c.	3	0	1	0	2	1	1
Daly, s. s.	4	0	1	0	2	2	1
Hoffman, p.	3	0	0	0	2	4	0
Totals	30	3	5	0	27	15	2

SAN FRANCISCO.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Shea, 2d b.	4	0	1	0	1	2	1
Hanley, c. f.	5	1	2	0	4	0	0
Veach, 1st b.	4	1	1	0	10	1	0
Stevens, r. f.	5	1	1	0	2	0	1
Ebright, 3d b.	4	0	1	0	1	1	0
Levy, l. f.	4	2	1	1	2	0	0
Everett, s. s.	3	1	1	1	3	3	0
Speer, c.	4	0	1	0	4	2	0
Coughlin, p.	4	0	1	1	0	2	0
Totals	37	6	10	3	27	11	2

Runs by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
San Francisco	0	2	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	—6
Sacramento	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Earned runs—San Francisco, 3. Two-base hit—Levy. Sacrifice hits—Godar, Speer, Levy and Veach. First base on errors—San Francisco, 1. First base on called balls—Sacramento, 4; San Francisco, 3. Left—Sacramento, 6; San Francisco, 5. Struck out—By Hoffman, 7; by Coughlin, 3. First base on hit by pitcher—Shea and Reitz. Double play—Veach to Everett. Passed balls—Speer, 1; Ward, 1. Wild pitch—Hoffman. Time of game—two hours. Umpire J. Donohue. Official scorer—Walter Wallace.

WASN'T IN IT.

The Stocktons Barely Escape Being Whitewashed by the Oaklands.

STOCKTON, October 4th.—The Stocktons were not in the game with the Oaklands to-day, and narrowly escaped being shut out. At the beginning of the ninth inning the score stood 7 to 0 in favor of Oakland, and it took two errors by Oakland to give Stockton one lonesome run.

Shaw was very effective, while Kilroy was hit hard, Dooley getting a triple and a home run. Cantillion and Fogarty, at second base, carried off the fielding honors. Score:

STOCKTON.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holliday, 1st b.	4	1	1	0	10	0	0
Stockwell, c. f.	4	0	1	0	3	0	0
Armstrong, c.	4	0	0	1	1	1	0
Fudger, s. s.	4	0	0	0	0	4	1
Hoffman, l. f.	3	0	0	0	1	1	0
Fogarty, 2d b.	3	0	0	0	5	4	0
Wilson, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	2	3	0
Pasche, r. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Kilroy, p.	3	0	1	0	0	1	0
Totals	31	1	3	1	23*	14	2

OAKLAND.	T.B.	R.	B.H.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Cantillion, 2d b.	5	1	2	0	7	4	0
Dooley, 1st b.	5	1	2	0	13	0	0
Sweeney, c. f.	3	1	1	0	0	0	0
Dungan, r. f.	4	2	2	0	0	0	0
Fohman, c.	4	0	2	0	5	3	1
O'Neill, l. f.	3	1	0	1	1	0	0
McDonald, s. s.	4	1	0	3	5	2	3
N. O'Neill, 3d b.	3	0	0	0	0	4	1
Shaw, p.	3	0	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	34	7	11	3	26†	17	5

*Sweeney out for running out of line.
†Stockwell out for running out of line.

Runs by innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Stockton	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1
Oakland	0	1	0	0	0	3	3	0	*	—7

Earned runs—Oakland, 4. Home run—Dooley. Three-base hits—Dooley, Cantillion. Two-base hits—Sweeney, Holliday. First base on errors—Stockton, 4; Oakland, 2. First base on called ball—Oakland, 5; Left on bases—Oakland, 8; Stockton, 3. Struck out—By Kilroy, 1; by Shaw, 7. Double plays—Wilson, Fogarty, Holliday, Shaw, Cantillion and Dooley (2). Sacrifice hits—C. O'Neill, McDonald and Dungan. Passed ball—Lohman, 1. Time of game—One hour and thirty-five minutes. Umpire—Sweeney. Scorer—Foley.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

The following table shows the standing of the four clubs in the California League:

CLUBS.	Oakland	Sacramento	San Francisco	Stockton	Games Won	Games Played	Percentage
Oakland	....	18	19	23	60	108	.555
Sacramento	18	....	16	25	59	105	.561
San Francisco	17	19	....	23	59	107	.551
Stockton	13	9	13	....	35	106	.330
Games Lost	48	46	48	71	213	....	

TO-DAY'S GAME.

It Will be the Most Important of the Series Thus Far.

The game of baseball to take place this afternoon at Snowflake Park will doubtless draw the largest crowd of the season. The Oaklands will arrive here on a special train this morning, and Manager Robinson states that, beside the excursionists, he will bring up President Mone, so that his club will get "a square deal." The Oaklanders will, it is said, be provided with whistles, and a brass band will accompany them and discourse music at the Park before the game.

Harper and Cobb will be the opposing pitchers, and if the former be not disturbed by the enthusiasm of the audience he will doubtless pitch a good game. Hoffman should play on the bench, however, to be ready in case of an emergency.

The game will commence at 2 o'clock, and trains will leave the depot for the grounds at 1:15 and 1:45 o'clock P. M.

EASTERN STAR.

Instituting a New Chapter of the Order at Elk Grove.

A party of sixteen ladies and gentlemen, members of the Order of the Eastern Star, went to Elk Grove on Friday evening for the purpose of instituting a Chapter at that place. The degree was conferred upon twelve persons, eight others having received it a couple of weeks ago in this city. The work was done by the following members of Naomi Chapter, No. 36, of Sacramento: Worthy Matron, Mrs. Ella Hatch; Worthy Patron, Wm. B. Miller; Associate Matron, Mrs. Sallie White; Conductress, Mrs. Minnie Kolliker; Associate Conductress, Mrs. Kate Boyd; Treasurer, Mrs. Hannah Wright; Secretary, Mrs. Emma Gregory; Adah, Miss Lucy Gett; Ruth, Mrs. Florence Miller; Esther, Miss Carrie Simpson; Martha, Mrs. R. Forbes; Electa, Mrs. J. C. Tubbs; organist, Mrs. Fannie M. Willis; Warder, Miss Mattie Rood. Mrs. Dr. White, Past Matron of Naomi Chapter, was also present.

Elk Grove Chapter (U. D.) starts off with twenty members, under the direction of the following officers: Worthy Matron, Miss Kittie Kelly; Associate Matron, Mrs. Martha Davis; Worthy Patron, H. L. Stich; Conductress, Mrs. C. F. Freeman; Associate Conductress, Mrs. J. A. McKee; Secretary, Arthur I. Gray; Treasurer, Mrs. S. M. Hoover; Adah, Miss Kittie Elder; Ruth, Mrs. S. C. Stewart; Esther, Mrs. Ann Freeman; Martha, Mrs. J. N. Andrews; Electa, Mrs. H. Dalrymple; Warder, B. U. Hoover; Sentinel, Thad. McConnell.

After the ceremonies of the initiation and instituting of the Chapter, the guests were entertained at a banquet such as Elk Grove has become somewhat famous for, and which was highly enjoyed by all present.

J. R. WATSON'S WILL.

His Daughter, Mrs. Ellery, Will Contest It in the Courts.

Ethel M. Ellery, through her attorneys, Johnson, Johnson & Johnson, yesterday filed in the Superior Court the papers in a suit contesting the document filed therein and purporting to be the last will and testament of her father, the late J. R. Watson.

Mrs. Ellery states that she is the only child of deceased, and alleges that the document filed as her father's will was not his last will and testament, "because the same was not signed, or subscribed, nor executed at all, nor in the manner prescribed by law—as she is informed and believes."

It is further alleged that at the time of the execution of the alleged will or testament, by reason of his weakness, sickness, and infirmity of body and mind, that his mental condition was such at said time that he was unable to make a will or to transact any business whatever; that his mental condition was then unsound, and that he was unduly influenced by his wife (who is not the contestant's mother), to make the said will, which he would not otherwise have made in the terms expressed therein, but that it expressed only the wishes, views and desires of his wife, Martha M. Watson.

Mrs. Ellery prays that the order admitting the will to probate be set aside, and that the will be denied probate by the Court, and that the contestant recover her costs of Court.

The appraised value of the estate, as returned by the appraisers, N. D. Rideout, E. K. Alsip and George A. Putnam, was $115,043. The subscribing witnesses to the will were C. E. Burnham and Frank G. Smith.

STATE LIBRARY TRUSTEES.

Mr. Wallis' Communication Tabled—The Lawyers' Complaint.

The Board of State Library Trustees met last night at the State Capitol. There were present Directors Stephens, Green and McCune.

A communication was received from ex-Librarian T. H. Wallis, asking that the Board refund him $17 38, an amount which he paid out in good faith while acting in the capacity of Librarian. He also requested that in case his claim should be disallowed that he be notified in writing. Upon motion of Trustee Green the communication was laid on the table.

A letter from A. G. Briggs of Rochester, N. Y., was read, requesting that the Board purchase of him certain books for the law library, the value of the same being $350. The letter was accompanied by a recommendation from Attorney-General Johnson, setting forth that the books would be valuable acquisitions to the library.

Trustee Green suggested that the Board had better not purchase any books for a while, as the finances were rather low and they had several outstanding bills to meet. The other members thought as Mr. Green did and no action was taken.

The Attorney-General also recommended that some Canadian law-books, worth about $800, be purchased, but the Board was inclined to think the library could do without the new books for awhile.

A letter was read from attorney J. L. Hughes that he had called at the library, and, upon asking for a certain law book, was told that he would first have to receive an order from Judge Van Fleet before he could receive the same. He then spoke to the Judge, and the latter informed him that he would sign no order, because he thought such a duty was not in accordance with the law.

The Trustees made no remarks concerning the communication, and the matter was passed.

A letter recommending the purchase of 118 volumes, worth $510, for the completing of sets already in the library, was passed without any action being taken.

Upon the suggestion of Trustee Green Librarian Perkins was authorized to employ George T. Clark to classify certain books in the library.

Mr. Green then moved that the Librarian be given power to employ a person to work on the catalogue at a salary of $75 per month, and also an assistant janitor, whose salary should be $30 per month.

Trustee Stephens said he was not prepared to vote at present for employing anybody to work on the catalogue. He agreed, however, that the services of an assistant janitor were needed.

Mr. Green then withdrew his motion, and it was agreed that for the present only a janitor be appointed.

After allowing a number of bills, the Board adjourned.

FEATHER RIVER LEVEES.

The Government Engineer Thinks They Should be Repaired.

On Friday Major Heuer, the Government Engineer in charge of the navigable rivers of the State, went up country to examine the breaks in the Feather river bank at Nelson Bend. He went to the breaks accompanied by George Ohleyer and T. H. Hull. After the engineer's return to Marysville, an *Appeal* reporter asked him if anything could be said for publication relative to probable action in the matter.

The Major has answered that he thought it desirable in the interests of navigation, that the breaks be closed. And if the work is to be done, the best way to do it would be by direct repair of the bank and the levee. The levee is virtually abandoned, and there is no prospect that the owners of the land exposed to flooding at that point will make any effort to repair the embankment. The land is apparently of little value in its present condition. Under other circumstances some revetment might answer the purpose of stopping the current, but in this instance, if anything at all is to be done, it will be advisable to make a thorough repair of the levee. But the Major could not say what action would be taken, and did not disclose what recommendation he would make. While he had made no estimate, he thought it might take $5,000 to do the work.

In regard to the west bank of the Feather, opposite the mouth of the Yuba, and the proposed cut-off from the Yuba to the Feather, the Major said he had been unable to recommend that the Government go to any expenditure at these points. He thought, in view of the excellent condition in which the district levees are maintained, that there could be no danger that the Feather would leave its channel anywhere near Yuba City. But the case at Nelson Bend is of a different character, and the Major's impression in that regard seemed to be favorable to some early action by the Government.

WANTS DAMAGES.

A Front-Street Hotel-Keeper Sues Administrator Washburn.

Christian Koenig, through T. W. Humphrey, his attorney, yesterday commenced an action in the Superior Court against W. W. Washburn, administrator of the estate of Lorinda Washburn, deceased, to recover the sum of $2,500, the alleged value of furniture, etc., fraudulently taken from plaintiff, sold under execution, and purchased by defendant for the small sum of $60.

Plaintiff states that he was the proprietor of the California House, a Front-street hotel, which he had rented from the deceased at $40 per month; that the defendant had attached his furniture for alleged unpaid rents, and placed keepers therein for the purpose of insulting and provoking plaintiff into a quarrel, which they succeeded in doing; that, as a part of said scheme, the plaintiff was arrested and confined in jail, and while there his property, worth $2,500, was sold under an execution in favor of the defendant for $60, and by him bid in.

Plaintiff asks for judgment for $2,500, with interest from July 2, 1889, costs of suit, and other relief.

VOTERS COMING IN.

**The Outlook is for a Full Register and

EAST OF THE ROCKIES.

An Exciting Scene Witnessed at the New York Custom House.

CLOSE OF THE BASEBALL SEASON.

Means Used by Mormon Elders for Increasing Their Flock—Snow Falling in Colorado.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

RAILROAD CIRCLES.

Significance of the Purchase of the Colorado Midland by the Santa Fe.

CHICAGO, October 4th.—The *Tribune* says: The purchase of the Colorado Midland road by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe appears to have a greater significance than has been the general impression. It becomes more evident every day that it was not the object of the Santa Fe, or rather the bankers who control that road, to crowd out the Rock Island or any other road which now terminates at the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains.

The impression is gaining strength that the deal was consummated with the view of bringing about the formation of a gigantic railway trust or combination of all the roads between Chicago and the Pacific Coast.

The railroad situation in the West is in a more demoralized condition than ever before, and unless a pool or combine is speedily formed that will insure the maintenance of high rates, many roads will be pushed to the wall.

To save themselves from serious losses the bankers who invested heavily in the Western roads, shortly after the formation of the "Gentleman's Association," have been compelled to invest still more heavily.

With this end in view, the St. Louis and San Francisco and the Colorado Midland lately have been acquired by the Santa Fe. The principal obstacle in the way of the consummation of the bankers' scheme is the Union Pacific and the Northwestern combination.

Against the latter the arrows of the bankers seem directed. All the other Western roads have been sufficiently subjugated to enter into any arrangement that the bankers may propose. Jay Gould appears to be in full accord with them, but the Northwestern-Union Pacific combination stands out against the bankers. The backing of the Vanderbilts gives the latter combination such strength that it cannot be dislodged without a serious conflict.

The Union Pacific, since its alliance with the Northwestern, or rather the Vanderbilt combine, has been encroaching upon the territory of the Santa Fe and Gould lines in all directions.

It has obtained outlets into Texas both from Denver and Omaha and is now extending the Utah Southern from Frisco, Utah, to the Mojave connection of the Santa Fe with the Southern Pacific, tapping the latter at Ogden and the Mojave. The Union Pacific Northwestern combination would stand invincible and be able to control nearly all the California traffic by encompassing an alliance with the Southern Pacific.

To spoil such a game seems to have been the object of the Santa Fe people when they secured control of the Colorado Midland line.

If they secure the Denver and Rio Grande Western also they will have a line through to Salt Lake City and Ogden, where they can retaliate against the Union Pacific-Northwestern combination if the latter attempts to show fight at Mojave when they get there, or try to engineer an exclusive arrangement with the Southern Pacific.

The issue is nothing more nor less than a test of strength between the bankers, aided by Jay Gould and nearly all of the other western roads, against the Union Pacific-Vanderbilt combination, and whichever side comes out ahead will be master of the situation, and until that issue is decided an improvement in Western railroad affairs cannot be looked for.

EXCITED IMPORTERS.

The New York Custom House Presents a Lively Scene.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—The most intense excitement prevailed in and about the Custom House all day. Whole troops of importers and brokers kept coming and going. As three o'clock approached the numbers increased, until the rotunda was filled with a solid mass of humanity, which punched and yelled. All wished to get their entries in under the old law, and stood ready to make entries the moment the vessels were sighted at Fire Island. By a decision of yesterday the Custom House was to have closed at three o'clock to-day, but the mass of importers was so great at three o'clock that Collector Erhardt announced the time extended until four o'clock. Each moment after three o'clock the excitement became greater. Those in the rotunda appeared to be going crazy. They shouted, yelled and made futile efforts to move about. The clerks in the various divisions were swamped with business.

Not for years has such a scene been enacted in the Custom-house. The Collector was in a quandary. His office was jammed full of importers, who waved rolls in their hands and shouted to him not to close. The pressure on the Collector became so great that finally he telegraphed Secretary Windom for advice. The Secretary soon replied for the Collector to use his discretion in the matter. Accordingly, the Collector decided to keep the Custom-house open until 12 o'clock to-night. The importers cheered.

The steamships Regnals, City of Chicago, Vandam and City of Columbia, the latter from Havana with a cargo of tobacco, are expected to arrive to-night.

At 5 P. M. the City of Chicago was entered, and a great part of the waiting crowd was relieved at 6:05 P. M. the steamer Regulus, with a cargo of laces, silks and velvets, entered. There was still due the Etruria, Thingvalla and Zandam, and news of them was anxiously awaited at 10:30 P. M. It was rumored that the Etruria was sighted off the outer bar at 9:34 P. M. At one minute of 12 the Captain of the Etruria had not arrived. Ten seconds later, when half the lights were out, a carriage came up on a rush to the door, and a great shout went up. From the carriage jumped Captain Harnes, who was immediately behind the counter, and entered his vessel just before the clock struck midnight. Three cheers and a tiger were given for him. The Captain had come up on a special tug and was driven at a break-neck speed from the dock to the Custom-house.

The receipts at the Custom-house to-day were $1,154,583, the second largest amount taken in there since the war. The receipts for the week were over six million dollars.

REMARKABLE STORY.

Means Employed for Inducing Foreigners to Immigrate to Utah.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—Among the passengers on the steamer Wyoming, which arrived here Wednesday and brought over a detachment of Mormon converts, were Eugene Davis, an Irish journalist, and Charles Turley of the United States Printing office at Washington. They tell a remarkable story concerning the conduct of Mormon Elders while crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

"When the Wyoming received her passengers at Liverpool," said Turley, "we ascertained that a man named Teasdale, notorious as a shipping agent for Mormons, was exchanging tickets for steerage passengers at a reduction, the recipients agreeing to accompany the Elders and claim companionship with other converts. It was well known on board the ship that the Mormon contingent had been consigned to a separate compartment in the steerage, and the Elders had free access to that part of the vessel. I know they took advantage of this privilege to converse with English and Irish women in the steerage, and they secured five or six to add to their party. The inducement was free passage from New York to Salt Lake City.

"At the request of Father de Castillion of Newark I endeavored to enter the steerage to ascertain if the statements made in the cabin were true, that these missionaries were proselyting among young women in the steerage. I was promptly ordered away, and when I spoke of the freedom extended to the Mormon leaders, was informed they had received that privilege from the company, which has a standing contract for the transportation of Mormons. The missionaries were very bold in their methods while at sea, distributing Mormon tracts all over the ship through the sailors."

"There is no question," said Davis, "that these Mormon elders gained many converts among the Wyoming's steerage passengers during the voyage."

ON THE DIAMOND.

Close of the Season for the National and Players' League.

CHICAGO, October 4th.—The championship season of the National and Players' Baseball Leagues closed this afternoon. Since the first few weeks of the season past interest in the game in the East has died out, and this week, instead of there being, as in the past, excitement at various points over the closing of the contests and the standing of the different clubs, the interest has lessened. The Players' League teams finished in the following order: Boston, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Buffalo. The Nationals stand: Brooklyn, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Boston, New York, Cleveland and Pittsburg.

PLAYERS' LEAGUE.

At Pittsburg—First game: Pittsburg 10, Boston 6. Second game: Boston 7, Pittsburg 3.

At Cleveland—Philadelphia 16, Cleveland 4.

At Buffalo—Boston 5, Buffalo 0.

At Chicago—New York 2, Chicago 2. Called at the end of the fifth inning on account of rain.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

At Cleveland—First game: Cleveland 5, Philadelphia 1. Second game: Cleveland 7, Philadelphia 2.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

At Syracuse—First game: Syracuse 7, Athletics 6. Second game: Syracuse 6, Athletics 1.

At St. Louis—St. Louis 2, Toledo 4.

At Rochester—Rochester 2, Baltimore 5.

At Louisville—Columbus 6, Louisville 3.

MYSTERIOUS PLAGUE.

Some Physicians Pronounce it a Species of Cholera.

HAMBURG (N. J.), October 4th.—In this village, with a population of 500, there has been no less than forty-five cases of malignant dysentery within the last two months, and many of the inhabitants in a little hamlet near by have suffered with the plague, and nine died. But in Hamburg, where the disease originated, its ravages have been the greatest. Twenty deaths have occurred.

A doctor says it is unmistakably a plague of epidemic contagious dysentery. Others believe it is a species of cholera, such as was predicted would follow the general epidemic of la grippe last spring. There is a foul pig-pen in the village, on the end of a pond and within ten feet of a large cemetery. For years it has not been cleaned out, and the offal has been accumulating during all this time.

On a Pleasure Trip.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—About five hundred of the English and German visitors who participated in the session of the British Iron and Steel Institute during last week, left this morning on a special train of fourteen cars for Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, October 4th.—Two special trains which left New York this morning, bearing the visiting iron and steel men from England and France, arrived at 11 A. M. The visitors inspected the great Disston Saw and File Works and made a trip down the river to Newcastle.

The steamer, with a party on board, arrived at the wharf at 5 o'clock, and the guests were driven to their hotels. Most of the strangers will go to Phœnixville, Chester, Wilmington and other headquarters of the great iron works.

Petty Thieves.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—"There are more men of the class termed 'crooked' in the city at the present time than at any period in the last ten years," said a detective to a reporter, "and they are of the grade that gives the police very few excuses for making arrests. The men I mean are known as 'sure-thing men,' they are 'shell-workers' or 'thimble-riggers,' 'crooked dice-throwers' and expert 'short card-players,' and at present they all seem to be prosperous and even affluent. It is true that they do very little work in this city, but they make the metropolis their home."

Marriage a Failure.

CHICAGO, October 4th.—Mrs. Eliza J. Young, a matronly-looking lady of 45, got a divorce to-day. She testified she was married to Professor J. Land in 1888. He was, he said, a professor in the Pacific Business College, San Francisco. They lived together just eight weeks, when the Professor said he had made a mistake and left her. "The truth is," said Mrs. Land, "he expected to marry a large fortune as well as me, and he was disappointed, but he got $300, all I had."

Senator Stanford Abroad.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—A cablegram to Dunlap's agency from London says that Senator Stanford has been buying famous pictures abroad, one by Bonheur, and had also ordered three from Borghum, a California artist who is studying in Europe. The cablegram also says Mrs. Stanford, who was with the Senator, said the one great thought of her husband was the university, and expresses the belief that he would leave all his fortune to it, an action which met with her entire approbation.

A Medicine Firm Assigns.

PITTSBURG, October 4th.—The well-known firm of Fleming Brothers, wholesale manufacturers and dealers in proprietary medicines, assigned to-day.

The estimated liabilities are $500,000. Assets at least $1,000,000. It is confidently stated that the affair will be adjusted, and the firm go on as usual, as the only liabilities pressing are $50,000 in notes which went to protest last night, the result of oversight.

An Extra Session to be Called.

COLUMBUS (O.), October 4th.—Governor Campbell stated to-night that he would probably call an extra session of the Legislature, and convene about October 14th, for the purpose of taking such action as they may deem proper in connection with the rumors relative to the misconduct of the Board of Public Improvements of Cincinnati, as well as other departments of the city government.

Explosion on a Steamer.

PEORIA (Ill.), October 4th.—The Golden Eagle, a small pleasure steamer, blew up on the lake front to-day with 140 excursionists on board. None were killed, but in their rush they upset the boat, which sank. Boats put out to rescue those struggling in the water, and it is believed that all were saved, though that cannot yet be definitely stated.

Snowing in Colorado.

DENVER, October 4th.—The stormy season on the Rocky mountains commenced last night, and quite an amount of snow fell in different places. Reports received show that snow is falling from Salida to Ouray, and it is also snowing at Silverton, Leadville, Glenwood Springs and Aspen.

Senator Stanford Denies the Rumor.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—A *World* London special says: Senator Stanford, who sailed on the Teutonic, said there was no truth in the report that he intended to withdraw his capital from the Southern Pacific and combine with the Vanderbilts to build a competing road.

Train Derailed.

CHEYENNE, October 4th.—The east-bound train on the Union Pacific was ditched at Rock Creek this morning. The engineer jumped and saved himself. Fireman Carr was fatally scalded. The passengers were badly shaken up, but none were dangerously injured.

Death of a Republican Leader.

MINNEAPOLIS, October 4th.—News has been received of the death in London of Hon. Gordon E. Cole of Faribault. He was for many years a Republican leader in this State and one of the most widely known men in the Northwest.

Struck by a Passing Train.

LOGANSPORT (Ind.), October 4th.—The Pennsylvania express to-day struck a wagon in which Thomas Burton and children were riding. Burton was killed and one child dangerously injured.

Straw Paper Trust.

PITTSBURG, October 4th.—A straw paper trust, representing 82 mills, with an output of 325 tons daily, has been formed to control the market east of the Alleghany Mountains.

Fatal Explosion of Gas.

WILKESBARRE (Pa.), October 4th.—By the explosion of gas in a box shaft at Pittston this afternoon John McLaughlin and James Loftus were fatally injured.

Bank Statement.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—The bank statement shows a reserve decrease of $2,564,200. The banks hold $11,500,000 in excess of requirements.

Shot His Mother.

UTICA (N. Y.), October 4th.—John Walsh shot his mother, probably fatally, last night, because she would not give him money.

Eastern Temperature.

CHICAGO, October 4th.—The temperature to-day was as follows: Chicago, 58°; New York, 98°; Cincinnati, 54°; St. Louis, 42°.

NATIONAL CAPITAL.

The Cruiser San Francisco Accepted by the Government.

WINEMAH RIDDELL PENSIONED.

General Clarkson Will Probably be Appointed Minister to China—The Tariff.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTIONS.

Documents and Speakers Being Sent to the Various Districts.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—A remarkable line of campaign literature has been prepared by the Republican Congressional Committee. These documents are short and attractive. They relate almost entirely to issues that have been developed in Congress. One of the pamphlets is entitled, "Facts from the Treasury." This pamphlet shows how this administration has saved the people no less than $51,000,000 in its redemption of the bonded debt. Another is entitled, "Fair Elections, or Foul Choice," the significance of which is apparent. Another, entitled "Better Days for Farmers," relates to the effect of the McKinley bill upon all agricultural products and supplies. The silver bill, pension bill, and various other issues are also treated.

These documents have been circulated by the million, and a force of about one hundred men and women is employed night and day in sending them off. The scene thus presented by all this activity is unique and interesting.

Speakers also have been engaged by the committee. Those orators who have been intimately connected with the passage and discussion of any measure are employed to explain it to the people. Congressmen Lodge and Rowell, who conducted the battle in the House in behalf of the Federal election bill, are mainly relied upon to present the arguments made in Congress from as many platforms as possible.

General Grosvenor of Ohio, Congressmen Dolliver of Iowa, Cannon, Burrows and La Follette of Wisconsin are among the orators of whose talent the committee is making use. Speaker Reed will go to McKinley's district, Cannon's district, and probably the remoter parts of the West. These speakers are being sent mainly into districts where there are the greatest difficulties to be encountered, but where there is still a chance of victory. The committee is confident of carrying the next House.

WINEMAH RIDDELL.

The Heroine of the Modoc Massacre Pensioned for Life.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—Winemah Riddell, the heroine of the Modoc massacre, has been granted a pension of $25 per month for life.

In 1873 General Canby and a force of United States troops were engaged in a campaign to subdue the Modocs. These Indians, led by Captain Jack, had taken up an almost impregnable position in the lava beds. A Commission was sent out by the Government to negotiate peace. At the head of the Commission was Colonel A. B. Meacham. The interpreter for the Commission was a man named Riddell. His wife was a Modoc woman named Winemah Riddell.

The Commissioners offered amnesty and the Modocs sent back fair promises. Several overtures were made and each time Winemah warned the Commissioners that the Indians meant trickery. Later came a proposition from the Modocs for a council, at which half a dozen on each side should appear unarmed. The Modocs repeated the request for a council next day and said that if the talk was satisfactory they would all come into camp and surrender.

Riddell went before the Commissioners and told again of Winemah's warning. He said to the Commissioners that if the meeting must be held, he wanted to be free from responsibility. But General Canby and Dr. Thomas, of the Commission, refused to believe there was danger. They insisted on keeping the appointment and going unarmed.

A conference with the Indians was held. General Canby was asked to withdraw the troops. His refusal was the signal for the massacre. Canby and Thomas were shot dead. Colonel Meacham fell, with two bullets in his body, and a brave had torn a portion of his scalp off, when Winemah rescued him and carried him back to camp, where he recovered.

CRUISER SAN FRANCISCO.

Orders Given for Her Acceptance at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—Orders were issued to-day from the Navy Department to the Commandant of the Navy Yard at Mare Island, California, to accept cruiser No. 5, known as the San Francisco.

The report of the Trial Board, of which Commodore John Quin was President, gave the ship on her trial trip an average speed of 19 663 knots per hour. Her speed was based on a run of four hours, an allowance of one minute and forty-two seconds being made on account of the necessity for stopping the forced draught to the two lower furnace air ducts to the boiler in the second fire-room from the forward during the latter part of the run, and to all of the furnaces in forward fire-room for fifteen minutes. This was necessary, for water was discovered coming into the forward fire-room, where it had been used for circulating through the guide sprays on the bearing and crank pins and extra water supply of all of the eccentrics. It had drained into the bilge wells and risen to a point higher than the drain valve in the forward boiler compartment, which opens into the main drain that connects with the bilge well, and as this valve was accidentally open the water from the bilge pump backed up through the drain pipe valve on to the fire-room floor and partially filled the two lower furnaces and ducts of the boilers in the second fire-room forward. Without this allowance of one minute and forty-two seconds the speed of the vessel was 19 518 knots.

The Board states that the cause for closing down was entirely outside of the working of the engines and boilers, as required by the contract. The vessel's speed during the last fifteen minutes of the run was 20 115 knots per hour and by the patent log she averaged for four hours 20.604 knots.

THE TARIFF BILL.

To-morrow the New Rates Will Go Into Effect.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—Secretary Windom, Assistant Secretaries Spaulding and Nettleton and General Appraiser Tichenor spent to-day over questions that have arisen regarding the execution of the new tariff law which takes effect Monday morning.

Several importers, desirous of receiving the full benefit of existing tariff rates, applied to the Treasury Department for permission to enter their goods at the Custom-houses up to midnight Sunday.

Assistant Secretary Spaulding has informed them that this is a matter entirely within the discretion of the Collectors of Customs at the various ports, and that the department is not disposed to interfere in the matter. General Spaulding said to-day that he did not anticipate trouble with regard to the execution of the new law on the Pacific coast by reason of the failure of customs officers to receive official copies of the law at the date it goes into operation, as entries made on and after Monday under the present law can be readily liquidated under the new rates with very little extra labor.

INSPECTOR DUMONT.

The Investigation of His Office Probably At An End.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—The proposed investigation of the office of General Dumont, Supervising Inspector of Steam Vessels, appears to have come to an abrupt end. The reference of the resolution instructed by Flower back to the Committee on Rules is probably the last of it.

Last Monday, when General Dumont, the Supervising Inspector General, was before the Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, which has been given charge of the investigation, it was discovered that the charges were not signed. Flower was sent for, and asked by the committee if he wanted to take the responsibility for the charges, and he replied that he did not; that he knew nothing about them except that a Mr. Husted come to him with a letter of recommendation and introduction from George L. Norton, editor of the *Marine Journal*, and claimed to represent the Grand Harbor of Brotherhood of Pilots—3,300 licensed pilots—who claimed persecution by General Dumont.

General Dumont disputed the authority of either Husted or Norton, and wrote to Captain Tuthill, Grand Captain of the Grand Harbor. A reply was received from Tuthill, in which he said Husted was unknown to him and did not represent the Grand Harbor, but there was some grumbling among probably half a dozen disgruntled men in Harbor No. 1.

Yesterday General Dumont wrote an official letter to Flower, quoting the letter of Tutbill, and stating that Norton was a bitter enemy of his (Dumont) because he had refused to pass some accounts which Mr. Norton had insisted should be passed.

WYOMING.

Governor Warren's Report on the Resources of the New State.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—In his annual report, Governor Warren estimates the population of Wyoming at something in excess of 63 000. These figures were furnished by the Census Supervisor, but the Governor is of the opinion that they do not represent the entire population, owing to the difficulty in taking the census in such a limited time. The assessed valuation of taxable property in the State is $30 665 499, which the report states is not more than one-third the actual value. There is a cash balance in the Treasury of $94 914, and a bonded indebtedness of $320 000.

The Governor says the number of cattle in the State is about the same as last year, but there are fewer large herds and many more smaller ones. The coal mines and oil wells, of which there are many, are being worked to advantage.

The Governor recommends that the appropriation for surveys of public lands be increased, and that Congress take measures to utilize the waste waters of the mountain streams in providing storage reservoirs; that the State be donated its arid lands, and authority be granted to tax persons occupying Indian reservations, and that the Courts be authorized to try and punish white men for offenses against the State laws when committed on Indian reservations.

OFFICIAL POPULATION.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—The population of Wyoming by counties is given as follows: Albany, 8,852, an increase of 4,226; Carbon, 6,869, an increase of 3,431; Crook, 2,313, an increase of 2,074; Johnson, 234, an increase of 1,704; Laramie, 16,744, an increase of 10,335; Sweetwater, 9,400, an increase of 2,379; Uintah, 7,873, an increase of 4 994; Fremont, 2,450; Sheridan, 1,962; Natrona, 1,092; Weston, 2,413; Converse, 2,730.

The city of Cheyenne has 11,693, an increase of 8,237; Laramie, 6,395, an increase of 3,699. The total for the State is 60,599, an increase of 39,800 since 1880.

Weather to the East.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—A decided storm is developed over Manitoba. Moderate low-pressure areas over the St. Lawrence Valley and North Atlantic. The barometer is higher in the North Pacific, from which high-pressure areas extend southeastward to the South Atlantic States. The temperature has fallen from Kansas northward. It is about normal in the northerly States east of the Mississippi river. Frost occurred during the night in Southeastern Michigan. Freezing temperatures are reported in Nebraska.

The China Mission.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—Rumor has it that General Clarkson is to be appointed Minister to China, vice Denby of Indiana, an appointee of President Cleveland. It is thought that the appointment will not be made until after November 11th. John Russell Young is a candidate for the same position. Minister Denby might have been removed long ago but for his personal relations with President Harrison, who regards him as a very competent diplomat and by no means an aggressive politician.

Souvenirs of the Late Congress.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—The Speaker's desk in the House is a source of amusement to the few visitors at the Capitol. The blue baize covering has been removed and the right half of the desk where the gavel of the Speaker fell is found to be nothing but a mass of splinters about the size of a match. Many of these splinters were taken away by visitors as souvenirs of the Fifty-first Congress.

The Idaho Election.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—The President received the following telegram from Delegate Dubois: "Idaho is Republican by 2,500. The Legislature stands: 44 Republicans, 10 Democrats. I congratulate you on this splendid indorsement of home rule and the wise policy to our land settlers. The Northwest indorses your administration."

Pension Awards.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—The following pensions have been awarded: California, original, William E. Beling, Calistoga; increase, John McCarthy, original widow, Catharine, widow of John Cindt, San Francisco, issue of September 23, 1890.

Washington—Original, Robert M. Langstaff, Seattle; Charles T. Harris, Beaver.

Naval Orders.

WASHINGTON, October 4th.—Naval Orders—Lieutenant James P. Parker has been ordered to the Alert. The orders of Lieutenant S. E. Woodworth to resume duties at the Pacific Rolling Mills at San Francisco, have been revoked.

ON THE TURF.

Hearst's Tournament Scores Another Victory for California.

MORRIS PARK, October 5th.—Eon won the first race, Madstone second, B. B. Million third. Time, 1:46.

Five-eighths of a mile, Ballyhoo won, Brentford second, Eugene third. Time, 1:00.

Harkbourne handicap, mile and an eighth, Reporter won, Diablo second, Nevada third. Time, 2:00.

The Titan stakes, for two-year-olds, Titan course, 1,400 yards, Equity won, Kildeer second, Mimi filly third. Time, 1:24.

Mosholn stakes, for three-year-olds, mile and an eighth, Tournament won, Masterlode second, Chesapeake third. Time, 1:59.

Three-quarters of a mile, Servitor won, Mr. Sass second, Tom Donohue third. Time, 1:15.

AT LATONIA.

LATONIA, October 4th.—Mile and twenty yards, Neva C. won, Robin second, Kinglike third. Time, 1:49½.

Mile and a sixteenth, Meckie H. won, Pantalette second, J. T. third. Time, 1:55¼.

One mile, Major Tom won, Eli second, Consignee third. Time, 1:44.

Mile and three-sixteenths, Blarneystone, Jr., won, Silver Lake second, W. C. Morris, third. Time, 2:07½.

Five eighths of a mile, Lady Washington won, Burdella second, Miss Hawkins third. Time, 1:05½.

SALE OF A STABLE.

MORRIS PARK, October 4th.—The Mobile Stables, the well-known Chicago stable, at one time the most powerful racing stable in America, went out of existence to-day. All the horses were disposed of by auctioneer Easton. No fancy prices were realized, but the bidding was spirited. Kaloolah brought $3,600, Egmont $2 650, Joe Blackburn $2,100, Wrestler $2,205, Pizana $4,100.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

One of the Causes of Their Discharge From the New York Central.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—It is reported that the management of the New York Central Railroad was asked by other labor organizations to drive the Knights of Labor from the service of the company. A correspondent writes: It is not generally known, but it is a fact, that this latest order not only has the approval of some other organizations, but the Central management has been actually requested by representatives of the Locomotive and Fireman's Brotherhoods to drive the Knight of Labor out of the system. The members of the Brotherhoods, as in the Switchmen's Union, have been complaining that ever since the strike that they were molested, and at times in a state of terror on account of the intimidation practiced by the walking delegates and other acts of the Knights.

A committee of the Locomotive Engineers' Brotherhood went so far as to tell Webb that the company would have to choose between the engineers' organization and that of the Knights of Labor. There is no opposition on the part of the Central management to any labor organization whatever, excepting the Knights. In fact, it is claimed that all others are encouraged and supported.

Destructive Forest Fires.

FERGUS FALLS (Minn.), October 4th.—Prairie fires in the town of Lawrence, Grant county, have been raging for two days. Much property is destroyed, including the wheat in stack, granaries, farm machinery, houses and barns.

Says an eminent physician: "So long as men uncover their heads in theaters, halls, etc., just so long catarrh will be a national ailment and men suffer neuralgia and bronchial affections. There is no more sense in a man removing his hat than there is in a woman laying aside her bonnet."

CALIFORNIA AND COAST.

A Misleading Report Concerning California Fruits Corrected.

DISASTROUS FOREST FIRES.

"California on Wheels" now at Trenton, New Jersey—The Lick Baths—District Fairs.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

POLITICAL POINTERS.

Nomination for County Offices by the Two Parties.

PLACERVILLE, October 4th.—The El Dorado Democratic County Convention met here to-day. The following ticket was nominated: For Assembly, R. W. Baum; Superior Judge, C. F. Irwin; District Attorney, Prentiss Carpenter; Sheriff, J. H. Russell; Assessor, A. T. Culbertson; Clerk, A. S. Bosquit; Treasurer, J. D. Skinner; School Superintendent, C. B. Wakefield; Public Administrator, A. A. Howard.

SONORA REPUBLICANS.

SONORA, October 4th.—The Republicans of this county to-day, in convention, made the following nominations: Assembly, J. H. Shine; Sheriff, W. L. Howes; Clerk, William Hartwig; District Attorney, F. P. Otis; Assessor, John Monahan; Coroner, C. H. Burden.

BUTTE COUNT DEMOCRATS.

OROVILLE, October 4th.—The Democratic County Convention met here to-day and nominated the following ticket: Senator, Ed B. Price; Superior Judge, P. O. Hundley; Sheriff, J. G. Lewis; Clerk, John Guidery: Assessor, William Lynch; Treasurer, William Schneider; District Attorney, Lewis Freer; Collector, J. H. Rafferty; Superintendent of Schools, J. Leininger; Coroner, Albert Vaun; Assemblyman of the Eighth District, R. R. Temple; Ninth District, S. W. Ross.

SCHOOL BOND ELECTION.

GRASS VALLEY, October 4th.—At the election to-day the school district voted in favor of the issuance of $20,000 bonds for building a school-house.

MARIN PRIMARIES.

SAN RAFAEL, October 4th.—The Republican Democratic primaries were held here this afternoon for the election of delegates to the County Conventions, to be held on the 7th and 8th insts., respectively.

LEGISLATIVE NOMINATIONS.

LOS ANGELES, October 4th.—The Thirty-eighth Republican Senatorial District, of which Los Angeles city forms the greatest part, met here to-day and nominated Judge R. B. Carpenter for State Senator. The Seventy-sixth Republican Assembly District nominated Captain F. N. Marion, and the Seventy-eighth Republican Assembly District nominated Walter S. Moore, both of this city.

YOLO REPUBLICANS.

WOODLAND, October 4th.—The Republican Convention met to-day and nominated the following ticket: Reese Clark, Assemblyman; Eugene Aram, Superior Judge; N. M. Weaver, Sheriff; James C. Harlan, Clerk; R. E. Hopkins, District Attorney; Ben. F. Wright, Recorder; Mark D. Chamberlin, Assessor; C. M. Hiddleson, Treasurer; George Banks, School Superintendent; W. L. Woods, Public Administrator; T. J. Phillips, Surveyor.

DISTRICT FAIRS.

Results of Yesterday's Racing Events Throughout the Coast.

YREKA (Cal.), Octobes 4th.—The first race, running, three-quarters of a mile and repeat, was won by Bingo, Wild Oats second. Best time, 1:18½.

The second race, trotting, four-year-olds, was won by Ante Echo, Little Mc. second. Best time, 2:50.

Miss Hogan paced against Reyford's trotting, winning two half-mile heats. Best time, 1:42.

Running, three-eighths of a mile and repeat, Arago won, Sammy H. second. Best time, :35.

SALINAS RACES.

SALINAS (Cal.), October 4th.—The unfinished pacing race was won by San Jose. Time, 2:30½.

The unfinished trotting race was won by Billy Emerson. Time, 2:34.

Trotting race, won by Fred Grant, Sorrel Prince second. Best time, 2:48.

The match race between Lee and Sargent was won by Lee. Best time, 2:23½.

The district two-year-old trot was won by Auntie Wilkes. Best time, 2:55.

SPEED DATES CLAIMED.

STOCKTON, October 4th.—The Directors of the Stockton Fair Association to-night resolved to offer the following: The Stockton record meeting date is claimed for October 18th and 19th for the encouragement of breeders and owners of fine horses for trotting and pacing and for fast time. Ten dollars entrance, each horse to go in his class.

The races will be for one, two, three and four years and aged horses, under the National Trotting Association and Wallace's rules, except the 2:30 premiums of gold, silver and bronze medals. There must be three starters. Every animal getting a record of 2:30 or better is entitled to an Association medal.

COAST BLAZES.

Cœur d'Alene City Suffers to the Extent of Twenty-five Thousand Dollars.

SPOKANE FALLS (Wash.), October 4th.—A special to the *Review* says that a fire broke out at Cœur d'Alene City, Idaho, at 3 o'clock this morning, and property valued at $25,000 was destroyed, on which there was insurance for only one-third. The fire originated by the explosion of a lamp in McLean's new store.

FOREST FIRE IN NAPA COUNTY.

NAPA, October 4th.—A fierce fire is raging in the redwoods and mountains west of here. A strong north wind is blowing the fire into the Sonoma valley. It is feared that many woodchoppers and ranchers have lost their homes.

RESIDENCE BURNED.

NICOLAUS, October 4th.—The residence of Charles Peaslee was burned this morning. The loss will approximate $1,000. Probably no insurance. A defective flue was the cause.

FIRE IN THE SONOMA MOUNTAINS.

SONOMA, October 4th.—The forest fire which broke out this morning, a few miles north of town, is still sweeping everything before it. It has extended over an area of ten miles in length by four in width. The high mountains to the north are belching forth fire and smoke like a volcano. Numbers of deer, rabbits and bear have been seen fleeing for safety from the devouring element, which is licking up everything in its path. The fire is now within a mile and a half of town.

MISLEADING REPORT CORRECTED.

Very Little Damage Done to Fruits by the Late Rains.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4th.—A telegram from E. L. Goodsell, one of the largest dealers in California fruit in New York city, states that on account of the recent rains in California, no more green fruit shipments may be expected from thence. One of the leading fruit-shippers of this city declared this morning that such a statement was entirely unfounded. The rain of last Monday did but very little material damage to the green fruit, with the exception of wine grapes, which were damaged to some extent. Peach shipments are nearly over for the season, last week being the culminating point. The rain had nothing to do with peach shipments slacking up. In fact, the weather lately has done wonders toward saving the crop. The slight damage done will not be felt to any degree.

The rain compelled a great many who would have dried their wine grapes to sell them to the wineries, with the result that instead of making an overstocked market in dried grapes and a possible great decline in price, the grapes already dried will come into consumption. If they had persisted in drying the grapes they had intended, there would have been twice as much as the market could stand at the present high prices. The growers will not lose anything by it, for the reason that the grapes they are now selling to the wineries they can get from $4 to $5 per ton more than at the beginning of the season had the grapes been sold to the wineries.

There has been a marked advance in dried apricots in the last few days, as they are entirely cleaned up. This advance has also extended to the Eastern market, as they are getting gradually cleaned up there. At the same time dried peaches have been declining in price and the market has been very weak. It is expected, however, that on account of the scarcity of dried apricots, peaches will also respond, and that the market within a few weeks will show a marked advance from present figures in dried peaches, as, owing to the high prices paid by canners the last month or so, the drying of peaches has stopped entirely, and the market is now cleaned up very closely. It is only a question of time when the Eastern market will respond, as the peaches which are held at the present time are in very strong hands.

Emery E. Smith, editor of the *California Fruit Grower*, has received private advices from the fruit-growing districts which confirm the above. Wine grapes are injured to some extent and table grapes have not suffered at all. If the weather remains clear and dry shipments will continue all through this month. Winter prunes and late peaches will yet go through. From Fresno but little information can be obtained, as they have been very careful since their experience of last year how reports shall be sent out.

PUBLIC BATHS.

The Gift of the Late James Lick Soon to be Opened.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4th.—Within a fortnight, if nothing unforeseen occurs, the new Lick Baths on Tenth street will be open for the public. Everything is now completed in the neat stone structure, only a few details of the furnishing remaining to be accomplished. The building is a great ornament to the locality. It is of brown sandstone in irregular courses, and the design is both artistic and substantial. Descriptions of the building's interior have already been published. There are a great number of separate apartments with the ordinary appointments of a bath-room to each. There are no tank-baths, as the object of this gift for the use of the public is one for utility rather than for enjoyment. Due announcement will be given by the Trustees of the prospective opening, with details of management, etc.

The completion of the baths is the fulfillment of the eleventh clause of the trust deed of the millionaire philanthropist. It sets apart $150 000 to be used "in the erection and maintaining in the city of San Francisco of free baths, the site or sites therefore to be acquired and held * * * to forever maintain such baths for the free use of the public, under proper and reasonable regulations." The original trustees were A. M. Newhall, Ira P. Rankin, Dr. J. D. B. Stillman and John O. Earl. Messrs. Rankin and Earl are the only surviving trustees. The trust deed was dated September 21, 1875.

MORMON CONFERENCE.

President Woodruff Holds Spiritual Conference With Brigham Young.

SALT LAKE, October 4th.—The Mormon semi-annual conference was opened to-day by George C. Q. Cannon. Elder Roberts spoke of the revelation to come from President Woodruff, and said that 1890 would rank as an epoch in the history of the church.

President Woodruff then came forward and said the Lord wouldn't reveal the time, but he had talked twice recently with Joseph Smith in the spirit, and the purport of it was that the bridegroom was about to mate the bride. He also talked behind the veil with Brigham Young and was encouraged greatly.

Apostle Richards said the kingdom was to advance more rapidly than ever, but the Son of Man and his angels would not come on earth until Jerusalem is rebuilt. The saints should study the Scriptures more, and then the young men would see the vision and old men the dream.

Apostle Thatcher advised the Saints to prepare for 1891. They had prospered greatly of late, and that made him fearful. What we need is persecution, and plenty of it. He expressed full belief in Woodruff's conversations with Joseph Smith and Bringham Young. The time is coming when this country will again engage in a strife between labor and capital, and the Mormon question may be forgotten for a time. Then the people would flee from all parts of the land to Utah and the Mormons would welcome them and would establish here a true republican government, with democratic principles.

LAWYER HERRINGTON.

He Tells How He Received the Coat of Tar and Feathers.

STOCKTON, October 4th.—James Herrington, the land-lawyer who was tarred and feathered at Bakersfield a few days ago, is in this city with his wife. His story is that shortly before he was tarred and feathered he received a warning that there was a plot against him. He was arrested at Delano by a Deputy Sheriff on a charge of perjury, for the purpose (so he asserts) of getting him back to Bakersfield, and into the hands of his enemies.

Within half an hour after being incarcerated in the Bakersfield jail, masked men came, entered his cell and tried to overpower him. He fought hard, and one of the men shot at him, the ball entering his side. The man dropped the pistol, and Herrington seized it, but another man stepped on his hand and he had to let go of the weapon. They then carried him out of town, administered the tar and feathers and turned him loose.

He traveled fifteen miles in the sparsely settled country with his feet torn and bleeding, and finally saw an acquaintance coming along the road in a wagon. This man drove home with him, stopping on the way to get some socks to serve as clothing. Herrington says he has no idea who his assailants were. The bullet in his side was not extricated until last night.

CALIFORNIA ON WHEELS.

The Traveling Show Now at Trenton, New Jersey.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 4th.—The traveling show of California products, known as "California on Wheels," is now at Trenton, N. J. For two weeks the cars have been at Philadelphia, where they have attracted great attention and been visited by several thousand people. Major Lauck, in charge, writes that the success of the show in drawing visitors has been better at Philadelphia than at any place before visited during the tour. Every night when the doors were closed between 500 and 1,000 people would be turned away. The afternoon crowds were the largest that he had ever seen waiting outside in line for admission.

From Trenton the cars will move slowly through New Jersey, and will reach Jersey City on the 14th. Arrangements are now being made, and will likely be successful, to send the cars over the New York Central tracks into New York city. If this is done, they will be kept several weeks in the great metropolis. It is expected to have the show back here by New Year's. It will come west by the Northern Pacific.

Frost in Sonoma County.

PETALUMA, October 4th.—Last Friday morning a frost, the first of the season, fell on the low places between this city and the coast, killing many potato vines. There is some blight in the fields between here and the coast, and some of the farmers on that account estimate their loss at a third of the yield anticipated earlier in the season.

Fatal Accident in Humboldt.

EUREKA, October 4th.—Frederick Strader and wife were crossing the Mad river railroad track this afternoon in advance of an approaching train. The old gentleman became excited and stopped the horse on the track. The engine struck the vehicle and Mrs. Strauder was killed. The man was thrown into the river, but not hurt.

Raisin Crop Saved.

SAN BERNARDINO, October 4th.—A north wind to-day swept away the fog and damp weather, and the raisin crop, which was threatened with destruction, is now being saved.

Sudden Death.

SALINAS, October 4th.—W. P. L. Winham, one of the most prominent residents of Salinas valley, died suddenly at his home here to-day.

Joel Benton gives infor important mation to persons who expect to kiss the Queen or to be kissed by her Majesty. "Persons of high rank," writes Mr. Benton, "especially the ladies, have the privilege of being kissed by the Queen. Other ladies make a low courtesy and kiss the Queen's hand, which she places in the palm of their hand. If the Queen condescends to kiss an untitled person this person must not expect to return a kiss in kind, but must only kiss her hand. Of course a lady before reaching the Queen must have her right hand ungloved." In addition to this it is also worth while for Americans to know that, according to the best etiquette, they do not have to kiss the Queen's hand unless they want to.

In the matter of railways Japan appears to be going ahead tolerable fast. Considerably over 1,000 miles are already in operation, while an equal quantity are under construction or surveyed, and will be open within a year or two from now. The projected railways exceed 700 miles in length, with a capital exceeding £6,000,000.

IN FOREIGN LANDS.

General Items of Interest From the German Capital.

BURCHELL REALIZES HIS FATE.

England Asked to Take Decided Action Regarding the McKinley Tariff Bill.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

GERMAN AFFAIRS.

Emperor William's Attitude Toward the Anti-Socialist Laws.

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BERLIN, October 4th.—The lapse of the anti-Socialist laws has led to a renewal of the discussion regarding Emperor William's attitude toward the socialistic question. The *Cologne Gazette* reports that the Emperor and all his ministers, with the exception of Bismarck, desired a continuance of the special act, and were ready to accept a permanent act in a form offered by the National Liberals, namely—without power of expulsion. But Bismarck disagreed, and the Reichstag in consequence was dissolved.

The Emperor himself, says the *Gazette*, would never have voluntarily dispensed with the act. At the same time the Emperor views the death of the laws without regret, and confident of his ability to solve the social problem without them, by means of remedial legislation, depriving the party of discontent of their most serious grievances.

The tone of most of the Socialist meetings the past few days was one of equation, but all were perfectly orderly. A great meeting was held at Bockbrauerei. The men present appeared to belong to the intelligent working classes. They were accompanied by their wives and families. Several speeches were made. A sheet entitled "Farewell to Socialist Law," explaining how Christianity might have been destroyed in its inception, if the Jewish and Roman authorities had only imitated Russian police, and dissolved every meeting of its founders, met with a large sale.

Herr Bebel declared in an interview that his party would meet the Government's remedial bills on their merits. It is notable that at Berlin the elections for delegates to the coming Socialist Congress at Hall all the men elected belong to the moderate section of the party.

A large restaurant has been purchased at Erfurt and another, with a large hall for meetings attached, will be bought shortly to assist the propaganda. Knowing that the repeal is only an experiment, the party will be careful to avoid giving occasion for a renewal of the coercive laws.

The Emperor is bestowing especial attention upon the schemes which the Government is preparing for the reform of rural local government and the national school system, as well as upon the project of direct taxation. The far-reaching proposals of Miquel, Minister of Finance, for the collection of an income tax will, it is estimated, raise the amount collected 25 per cent.

The *North German Gazette*, commenting upon the Kaiser's reception in Austria, gives a hint which appears to confirm the renewed rumors concerning the new commercial treaty with Austria.

The fact that the Austrian Ministers were not present at the railway station in Vienna to meet Emperor William on his arrival there is much commented on in connection with the election, but it is officially declared that their absence had no political significance. Emperor William having ignored him last year, Count Von Taafe purposely absented himself.

Terrific storms are reported in Schleswig and the East Sea provinces. The hail ruined the crops and smashed thousands of windows in Elshorn, which was flooded by the sea. Numerous houses were unroofed and many of the inhabitants injured. At Dantzic a train of cars was overturned and several occupants crushed to death. Many shipwrecks, attended by loss of life, are reported.

The editor of the *Mayence Volks Zeitung* has been arrested for ridiculing the celebration of the Battle of Sedan and eulogizing France.

Dr. Dollinger died to-day at Merhran monastery.

The clergy of Treves have denounced lawn tennis as unbecoming for German girls.

An Assassin Arrested.

LONDON, October 4th.—Castioni, the Radical, who shot and killed Councilor Rossi at Bellinzoma, Switzerland, during the recent revolt, was arrested to-day in Chelsea. An application for his extradition will be made.

Castioni was found in a shed in a garden attached to the house. He was surrounded by a number of friends, all of whom were armed. The police seized 200 rounds of ammunition. When Castioni was taken before the magistrate his counsel stated that the question was raised as to whether the act of the prisoner was of a political nature, and therefore an act for which he could be extradited. The prisoner was remanded.

Decided Action Must Be Taken.

HALIFAX, October 4th.—Discussing the Boston *Herald's* article on the effect of the McKinley bill in Europe, the Halifax *Herald* of this morning says: "Whatever other countries may do, we conceive it to be almost imperative on Great Britain to take decided action in the matter. The McKinley bill has been passed with the vowed purpose of coercing Canada into severing her connection with the British Empire and becoming part of the United States. It is therefore, in its nature, an act of war on the British Empire to bring about dismemberment. Will Great Britain go on affording her enemies the same trade facilities in her ports she accords her own children? It is a case for discrimination against the United States."

The Panama Canal.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—*Lavenir Du Canal de Panama*, just received from Paris, announces that the Wyse concession has been extended in reality, giving the new company just twelve years; that the company must be up and doing or it will lose under the concession its machinery and buildings on the Isthmus, which figure in the company's balance sheet for thirty millions francs; that skillful manipulators can call on French pride to arouse itself and build the canal, their appeal being based on the fact that we Americans are at work in Nicaragua, and that the Panama project can by diligent work be finished first.

Canadian Loyalty.

HALIFAX, October 4th.—The speeches of Sir John MacDonald and Sir John Thompson arouse less enthusiasm here than their authors probably expected. Canadian loyalty is appreciated in England in pretty strict proportion to its moderation. The English Ministers are keenly aware of the difficulties in which the Canadian policy so frequently involves them. Many public men would view the gravitation of Canada to the United States with perfect equanimity.

Treaty of Peace Concluded.

PARIS, October 4th.—Admiral Cuverville has telegraphed to the Government that he has concluded a treaty of peace with the King of Dahomey and has raised the blockade. According to the terms of the treaty, the King will respect the rights of the French as to the possession of Kotonon, and will also recognize the French protectorate over Porto Novo.

Dockmen's Congress.

LONDON, October 4th.—At a session of the Dockmen's Congress to-day a resolution was adopted declaring it impracticable to limit the working day to eight hours. The delegates, however, are strongly in favor of a proposition that forty-eight hours' labor should constitute a week's work.

Burchell Realizes His Fate.

WOODSTOCK, October 4th.—Burchell is said to be at last beginning to realize his impending fate and to be showing slight signs of seriousness. Mrs. Burchell is improving, and she is now able to leave her bed. She has not seen her husband since sentence was passed.

The King of Holland.

THE HAGUE, October 4th.—The condition of the King of Holland shows no signs of improvement. He is constantly confined to his bed. He suffers from insomnia, and cannot take any nourishment but milk.

Ministerial Crisis.

LISBON, October 4th.—The statement that Ferrao succeeded in forming a new Cabinet appears premature. Owing to the demands of the Progressionists, the Ministerial crisis continues.

Trial Postponed.

DUBLIN, October 4th.—The conspiracy trial was postponed to-day until Monday on account of the illness of Mahony, a physician's certificate being presented in Court.

Death of Mrs. General Booth.

LONDON, October 4th.—The wife of General Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army, died to-day.

THE COMTE DE PARIS.

Londoners Not Pleased With His Reception in America.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—A *Tribune* London special says: The reception of the Comte de Paris in America, and the extraordinary civilities shown him, are likely to produce a bad impression in France. Even most intelligent Frenchmen may fail to understand the distinction between the Comte de Paris who was on General McClellan's staff and the Comte de Paris who is an enemy of the French Republic and a pretender to France's throne. His letter on the Boulangist conspiracy, his cynical avowal of readiness to use all means against the Republic, and his confession of complicity in that vulgar adventurer's vulgar intrigues, have disgusted many of his own adherents, scandalized Europe and discredited the monarchy even in monarchial eyes. Not less scandalized is Europe to see the author of that letter the guest of America, welcomed by the President of the Republic and covered with honor by the American people.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—The Compte de Paris was banqueted to-night at the Union Club by a distinguished representative gathering of about thirty gentlemen. Among those who assembled to do honor to the guest was Arthur Belmont, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Batcheller, General O. O. Howard, Governor Wetmore of Rhode Island, Bishop Potter, Archbishop Corrigan, and Warner Miller. The Governors of the club extended to the Count the privileges of the club for sixty days, a privilege seldom extended.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS.

Chicago and New York Still Clamoring for Our Product.

CHICAGO, October 4th.—The Earl Fruit Company sold to-day Seckle pears at $5; Winter Nellis, $2 30; half boxes, $1 10; Vicar, $2 20; Tokay grapes, full crates, $3 05; half crates, $1 55. Weather cloudy and rainy.

CHICAGO, October 4th.—Porter Bros. Company sold four carloads of California fruit at auction to-day, as follows: Emperor grapes, full crates, $3@3 10; half crates, $1 25@1 60; Cornichons, full crates, $3; half crates, $1 40@1 60; Tokays, half crates, $1 55; quinces, $1 75; Cling peaches, $1 40; Ickwith plums, $2 10@2 15; Muscat grapes, full crates, $2 75@3 20; Black Ferrara grapes, full crates, $2 50@2 70; Buerre Clairgeau pears, $3 05.

NEW YORK, October 4th.—The Earl Fruit Company of Sacramento auctioned through E. L. Goodsell yesterday five carloads of California fruits at the following prices: Fancy Tokay grapes, double crates, $3 45 to $5 50; fancy Tokay grapes, single crates, $1 65 to $2 75; choice Tokay grapes, double crates, $2 80 to $3 25; single crates, $1 20 to $1 55; Muscat grapes, single crates, 90 cents to $1 25; Ferrera grapes, single crates, $1 40; Black Morocco, single crates, $1 65; double crates, $3 80; Salway peaches, $1 25 to $1 75; Clings, $1 30; Strawberry Cling, $1 20 to $1 50; Lemon Cling, $1 25; quinces, $2 35 to $3 50; plums, $2 35; fall pears, $1 90 to $4 25; half boxes, $1 05 to $2.

THE COMING OF DEATH

The Signs Many and Variable—Dying Usually a Painless Experience.

The signs of impending death, says the *Medical Journal*, are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases.

Shakespeare, who observed everything else, observed and recorded some of the premonitory signs of death also. In the account of the death of Falstaff the sharpness of the nose, the coldness of the feet, gradually extending upward; the picking at the bedclothes, are accurately described.

For some time before death indications of its approach become apparent. Speech grows thick and labored, the hands, if raised, fall instantly, the respiration is difficult, the heart loses its power to propel the blood to its extremities, which consequently become cold, a clammy moisture oozes through the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or piping, the eyes begin to lose their luster.

In death at old age there is a gradual dulling of all the bodily senses and of many of the mental faculties; memory fails, judgment wavers, imagination goes out like a candle. The muscles and tendons get stiff, the voice breaks, the cords of the tabernacle are loosening. Small noises irritate, sight becomes dim, nutrition goes on feebly, digestion is impaired, the secretions are insufficient, or vitiated, or cease, capillary circulation is clogged. Finally the central organ of the circulation comes to a stop, a full stop, and this stoppage means a dissolution. This is the death of old age, which few attain to.

Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing, but there is no reason whatever to suppose that death is a more painful process than birth. It is because, in a certain proportion of cases, dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that the idea exists, but it is as nearly certain as anything can be that these distortions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously. In many instances, too, a comatose or semi-comatose state supervenes, and it is altogether probable that more or less complete unconsciousness then prevails. We have, too, abundant evidence of people who have been nearly drowned and resuscitated, and they all agree in the statement that after a few moments of painful struggling, fear and anxiety pass away and a state of tranquillity succeeds. They see visions of green fields, and in some cases hear pleasing music; and so far from being miserable their sensations are delightful. But where attempts at resuscitation are successful the resuscitated persons almost invariably protest against being brought back to life, and declare that resuscitation is accompanied by physical pain and acute mental misery.

Death is a fact which every man must personally experience, and consequently is of universal interest; and as facts are facts, the wiser course is to look them squarely in the face, for necessity is coal black and death keeps no calendar.

The "Hanging Judge."

Three men have earned this undesirable title. The first was Sir Francis Page, a merciless Justice of the first half of the eighteenth century, who is said to have condemned over 600 men. The second was the Earl of Norbury, who was Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas in Ireland from 1820 to 1827, and who conducted the proceedings of his court on the idea that his business was to condemn the accused as quickly and with as little formality as possible. The third, and he who best deserved the name, was the infamous Jeffries, who, in 1685, held what were known, even in his own time, as the "Bloody Assizes." After the defeat of the Duke of Monmouth in the battle of Sedgemoore, Jeffries was sent to the West of England for the purpose of hanging the rebels. He was accompanied by troops, hangmen and an abundance of rope. "We shall need plenty of it," he said before leaving London, and in a few weeks he condemned and executed upward of 300 men and women. Hundreds more were fined, imprisoned or whipped at the cart's-tail by the hangmen, and more than a thousand were sent out to America as slaves. On the flight of James II. Jeffries tried to escape, but was arrested and committed to the Tower. None, even of his former friends, came to see him, and he deemed himself forgotten, till one day an oyster cask arrived. "Thank God, I have one friend left," he said, but was mistaken, for the barrel contained, in cruel jest, only oyster shells and a stout rope tied in a hangman's knot. Soon after this incident Jeffries died in prison of drunkenness. His character is depicted in masterly style by Macaulay.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

It is not generally known that a single mouse turned loose in a grocery window will catch more flies in a single evening than fly paper catches all day. And, besides, he eats them and don't leave them lying around loose. Don't grudge the mouse his little mischief, he is a good fly and roach exterminator.

The first king's speech from the throne is said to have been made by Henry I., 1107.